Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Fall 1987

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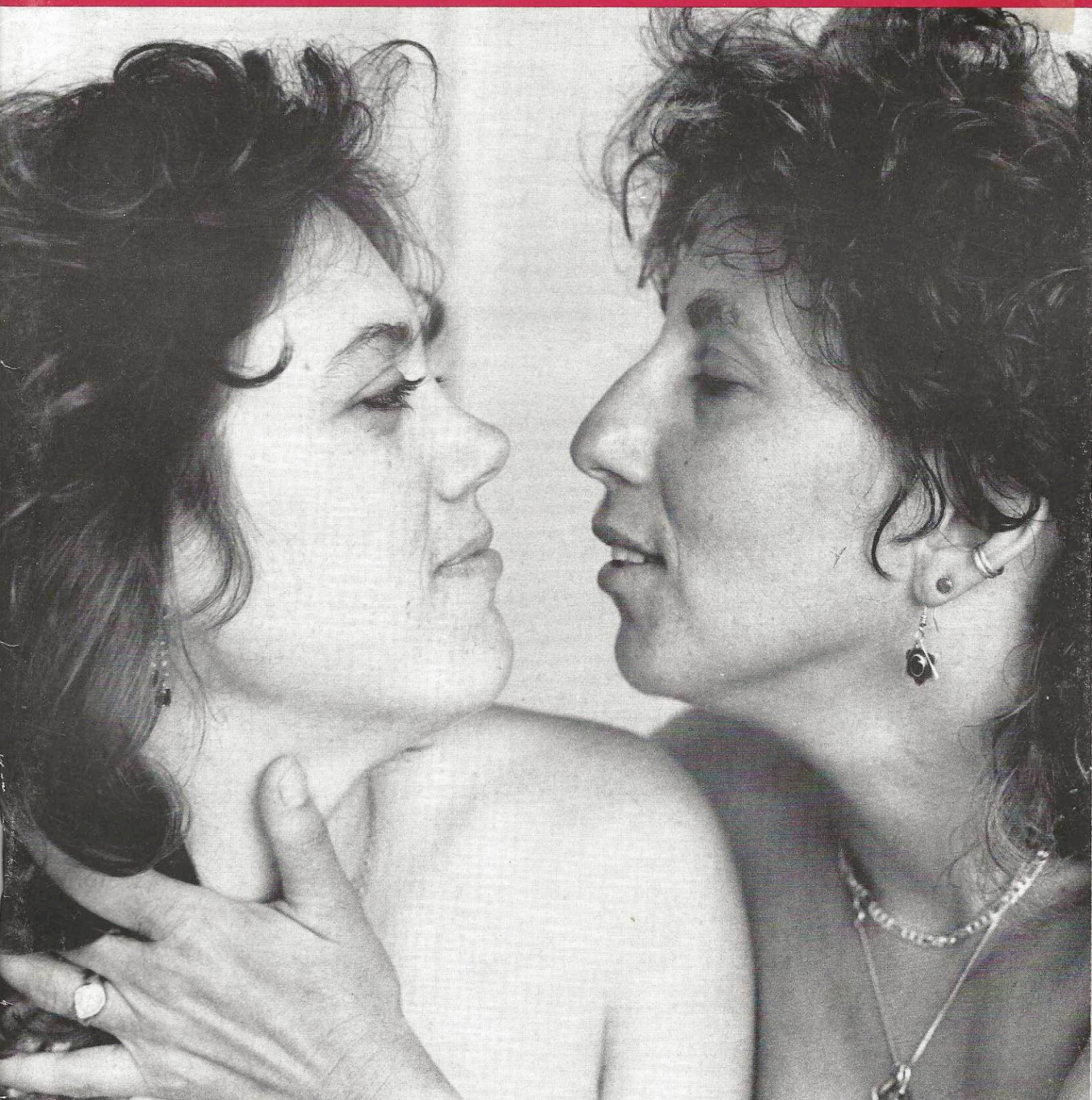
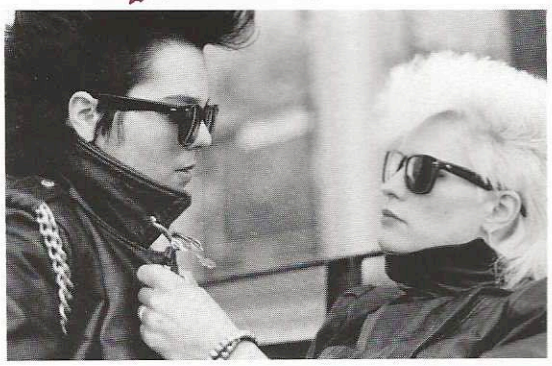
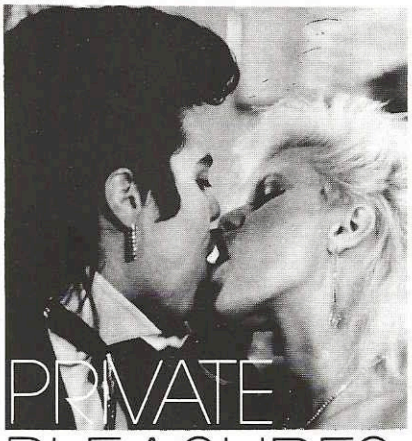


Delight her this Holiday Season...

SHADOWS

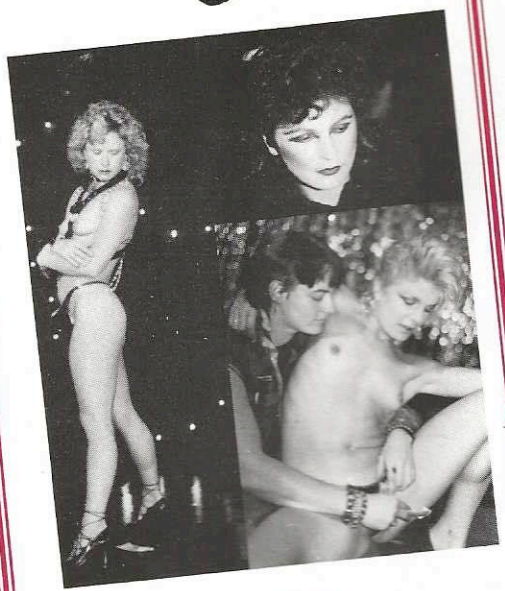


In Shadows, Terri and Caerage star in a leather lust scene, enjoying the unique playfulness and intensity that is lesbian s/m. (30 min)



Home alone, Asian beauty Mariko has some intimate fun watching her VCR, on which Terri and Caerage star in an elegant and passionate seduction scene set in a romantic penthouse suite. (30 min)

BurLEZk Live!



For three years, from July 1984-1987, nearly 100 erotic performers have danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This special and unique show, surely the longest running live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. Fatale Video has captured some of the many exciting moments of this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. A great party tape! (90 min)

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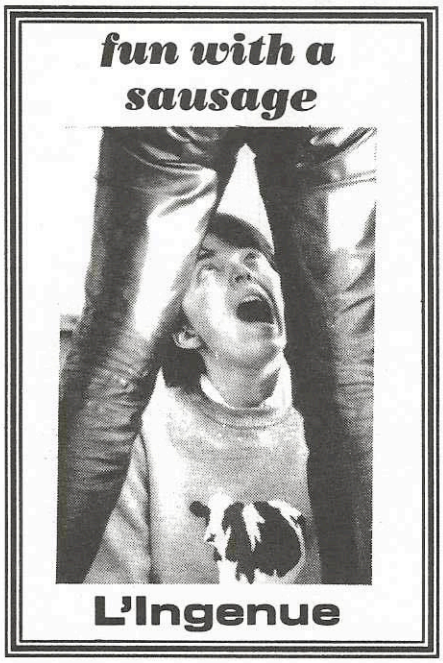

Already deemed a lesbian cult classic, Fun with a Sausage is a hilarious commentary on lesbain sexual politics.

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For delivery by December 25th, orders must be received by December10th.

Vol. 4, No. 2 ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN Fall, 1987

Tee Corinne

COLUMNS

3 **Letters to the Editor**
7 **Toys 4 Us**...Susie Bright
Dam It, Janet!
9 **Fantasies**...Ann Wertheim
daddy
10 **Sexpoint**...Wendy Chapkis
The Ugly Dyke
11 **Sextracts**...Arlene Stein
Lesbian News from All Over
35 **Reviews**
Books and Videos of Interest

FICTION

20 **Oasis**...Martha Courtot
How to survive in the desert
22 **Traffic** ...Lisa White Eagle
Stuck in a fantasy jam
28 **The Acquisition of Zrie**...Zivi Karmil
Master and slave both learn a lesson

FEATURES

12 **Lesbians, AIDS, and Safe Sex**...Emily Kahn
What's going on? Here are all the details.
12 **Let's Go Safe Sex Shopping**
What and where to buy.
15 **Safe Sex Guidelines**
Don't go to bed without them!

PICTURES

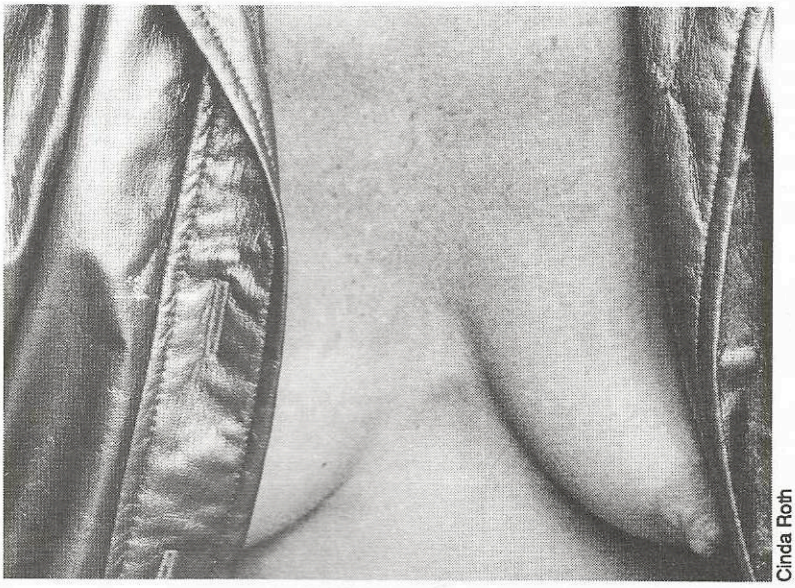
16 **Getting Away from It All**...Shari Cohen
Seven sisters make a great escape
23 **Life in Paris**...the Joseph Vasta collection
Vintage lesbian erotica from the 1920s
31 **No Disguise**...Barbara Snell
Meet Caprice and Jesse

46 **Notes on Contributors**
47 **Classifieds**

Cover: Jill Posener
Models: JoAnn and Doreen

I just want to quickly say how glad I am that *On Our Backs* exists. I just recently moved from the San Francisco Bay Area to this redneck hellhole (Jacksonville, FL) and will need *On Our Backs* to remind me of home and that there are other lesbians out here. Well, there are some out there but.... Anyway, you really don't know how culturally backward this place is and your magazine will be a welcome relief after all the monotony.

Maureen
Jacksonville, FL


Cinda Roth

Maybe I misunderstood the purpose of *On Our Backs*, but the Spring '87 issue disappointed me. The photo feature, "Heart's Desire," was *very* contrary to your magazine's motto. A lengthy news article on a convention and a self-interview between your editor and publisher belonged in the other magazine abbreviated *OOB*. Ditto "Almost Heaven" — a non-fiction memoir about homesteading in Klan country — had little "entertainment" value. Perhaps I simply did not have the artistic refinement to understand why an entire page (p. 30) was wasted on a foggy photo of a man in workclothes when I really wish every page of *On Our Backs* contained something inspiring and exciting.

Please, please do not attempt deep sociological insights or news coverage. That I can get from the more sedate feminist mags. Just give me my exhilarating fantasies.

Connie
Sacramento, CA

Ed: "The Initiation" photo: That dyke in the photo was no man! Please salute next time a woman officer appears on our pages, or lick her boots!

Thank you very much for your donation to the *Tennessee Lesbian Archives*. *On Our Backs* is definitely the most popular publication in the archives. It has been read, reread, and greatly appreciated. If you have any old back issues just lying around taking up space, the archives would be glad to take them off your hands. Women *crave* good sex fiction, how-to articles, erotic photos, and even sexual advertisements.

Teresa Hornsby
Trustee
TN Lesbian Archives

I want to thank you for carrying ads of lesbian sex phone lines. Do you know any in the New York area? Long distance costs on top of the $2 fee are beginning to add up!

Ellen
Brooklyn

I can resist, with great effort, the turn-ons, the news, and even the forum for communication that *On Our Backs* provides....

But not all this and good dialogue/analysis (like Susie Bright and Debi Sundahl in "Breaking the Ice," Spring '87). Sign me up for a subscription.

Sally Gearhart
San Francisco

Thanks for including Ann Marie Brown's "Off Court" in your Spring 1987 issue. It was wonderful, especially reminding me of my past. My junior high coach getting into my pants was the most wonderful experience of my life. Lots of neat things happen to women in sports, but none more than in basketball.

Also, I am a latecomer to fistfucking, but for me, it is the only way to fuck and be fucked.

Cierra
Missouri

Your magazine is the best I have ever come across. I enjoyed "A Hand in the Bush," (Winter '87). I have been fisting since I was about 17. Now I'm 26 years old. My ex-lover — I was 17 and she was 42 — showed me how it was done. Ever since then I can't stop. I love it! I've been fist fucked and have done it to other women, also. To me, having a fist inside me is like having my mind and body coming apart; the feeling is so good, and when you are coming down from that high, you are ready for more.

Susie, have you ever done a report on women and their menstrual cycle? Some find it to be very sexy, and others don't.

Nickie
Long Beach, CA

Please accept my subscription for one year; I can't wait. It should be a very good year! Hope to see more beautiful women and to read more romance fiction in the future. I love to read about women who love to be sexy and please women. For sure, you've already started pleasing this woman! Keep it coming! (And me, too!)

Gayle
Bloomington, IN

Susie Sexpert says to boycott ben wa balls. She misses a good use for them: insertion and removal from a lover's cunt during play. I've used all manner of objects, often pretending, for fear-inspiring sake, that we might never get them out. The threat and fulfillment of cunt-stuffing can be stimulating. Try rings taken from your lover's or your own

(continued on page 5)

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fingers, smallish candles (that have other uses, such as melting onto a clit, or merely lighting the room romantically), and whip handles. Despite accompanying fear tactics, safety is obviously an issue. A ben wa or two amounts to the safest item for stuffing your partner!

Jessica
Seattle

I ran across your Summer '87 issue casually and within moments became rivetted to my chair by your fine prose. I read it from cover to cover without interruption. Bravo!

Your writing is splendid and the editing superb. I especially enjoyed Susie Bright's piece and Pat Califia's insight. Bertie Ramirez's photos show the nuance of mood, not anatomy.

As a former het male it's a joy to see a publication so obviously feminist in voice, and one that has gone beyond the humorless and strident tones too often heard. (If only this attitude could be applied to broader themes.) It's unimportant whether I share all your values. Owing to gender I patently can't share your consciousness. But I can fully share the spirit of people comfortably, happily, and lovingly being themselves. This *On Our Backs* wonderfully conveys.

Please accept my bow (and yes, curtsey too) and add me to your long list of admirers.

Justine Dale
San Diego

Because of all those luscious, sexy women shown in the pictures of the BurLEZk Show at the Baybrick in your Spring '87 issue, I just had to catch a handful, umm, eyeful for myself! Very, very hot! I'll be back to S.F. again.

Chris Linder
Vancouver, Canada

For months, I've been fascinated by the West Coast packin' fad, although I had never been able to figure out just what the big thrill was. Then recently, during a visit from my Bay Area fuck buddy, I discovered I had been trying to carry my lavender latex friend UPSIDE DOWN!

But now, with the large base between my legs, and the small end pointing up, under a tight pair of 501s...just ramblin' arond the ranch is a twat-throbbing experience. And, those 501s make a GREAT dildo harness! (Much better than the leather and buckles I tried.) With the bottom button open, my soft tool is held firmly in place.

For an even better fit, so that the base rubs ME in just the right spot while I'm pleasuring HER, I have slit the seam of my jeans one-half inch below the bottom button. Now, with all the buttons closed, my denim harness is a perfect fit for all involved.

Packin' Colorado Cowgirl
Colorado

Congrats to Taylor James and her "Fantasy from Behind" (Summer '87).

Her ability to recreate her mental images in written form certainly helped in "come to life."

Lynn Cognito
New Jersey

Your Summer '87 issue was fantastic! It provided a real banquet for me in this culturally deprived bible belt. I do, however, wish that your older readers were as "adventurous" as your younger ones about placing and responding to classified advertising.

Anne Campbell
Texas

"Non-Monogamy" by Pat Califia was one of the most straightforward, honest articles I have ever read. It's about time someone wrote about the realities of monogamy and how so many lesbian couples end up bored, overly dependent upon each other, or part of the chain of serial monogamy. No couple is perfect and so many that I meet feel that their relationship is the best, the ideal. After observing and getting to know these people I am almost always disappointed upon discovering the true nature of their situation. One is almost always unsatisfied or staying in the relationship because she is afraid of change.

It would be great to have lesbian sex clubs, parties, etc., where women could act out their fantasies, have casual sex, and learn more about each other's needs and desires. It would be a healthy and stimulating experience for women who want to explore their own sexuality and go beyond the boundaries of monogamy.

Unfortunately, our society is based on guilt, self-denial, and fidelity. We live in a society that idealizes the long term, monogamous marriage. So, most lesbians follow suit. So many of us go to the bars hoping we will find that one special womyn and fall in love forever. Thanks to Pat Califia for exposing that myth and furnishing alternatives.

Liz
San Francisco

I find *On Our Backs* to be gloriously courageous, supremely moral, professionally well-crafted, humanly concerned, and responsible. The fact that *On Our Backs* faces ongoing criticism and censure from both the male and female feminist power structures reminds me of how it feels to be fucked in the ass ... it feels the same, whether it's a man or a woman back there! And yes, girls, I love to take it in my rump, with my tits hanging down ... here (getting on my knees and holding cheeks open) see? Sometimes when I fuck my lover with a strap-on I even pretend that I'm a man! Oh, Goddess, how HUMAN! I can't wait for the responses that tell me there's something wrong with me! Keep it up, *On Our Backs*!

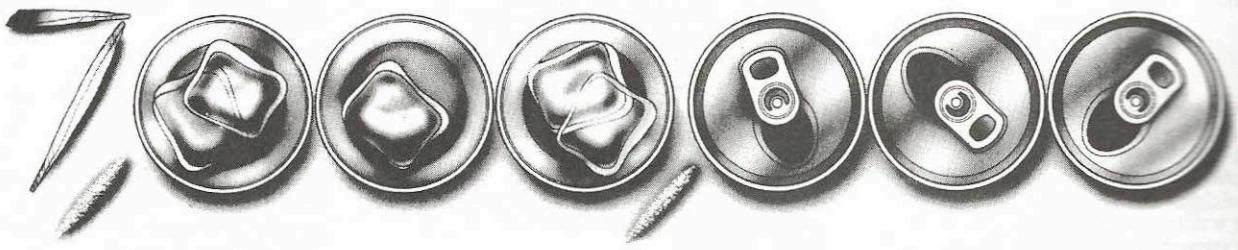
Joan
Connecticut Femme

Pat Califia, in her article on Non-Monogamy, only uncovered half a reason for seial monogamy. Inability to have casual sex may be a part, as she indicates, but not understanding the meaning of committment in a relationship is another.

Falling in love for lust's sake is rarely a workable way of finding a long term partner. There are major obstacles for committed lesbian couples. Without social support, its easy to walk when the going gets rough.If a relationship lasts beyond the two year thrill, something else is going on, and it is shortsighted to trivialize such a relationship as unexamined.

Lesbian casual sex is not as public or organized as gay male sex and this is a legitimate complaint. Whatever the difficulties in gaining acceptance for casual sex, all parties are benefited by not confusing a true committment with romantic love - serial monogamy: the perfect relationship with a new lover every year.

Ann Wells
San Francisco



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DAM IT, JANET!

Susie Sexpert Reports:

When I bring up safe sex to most lesbians, they make a face like someone just pushed a bowl of cold spinach in front of them. I have a very different point of view about safe sex: I see it as an introduction to sexual variation that will last long after the AIDS epidemic. After all, if you learn a new way to become aroused and get off like you never dreamed of before, you're not exactly going to turn in your nouveau methods just because someone comes out with a vaccine.

Some sex we've been doing all along is "safe": tribadism, using vibrators, bondage, etc.

I would like to get to the heart of the least understood safe sex practices: condoms, rubber gloves, and the elusive dental dams.

Condoms are the biggest convenience item since disposable dixie cups. Anyone who has ever shared a dildo or vibrator knows how easy it is to pass a yeast infection, let alone herpes or AIDS. Usually we get out of bed and wash our toys between uses. But with condoms, you just keep them on the night table next to your lubricant, and roll one on right over your rubber ducky. When you switch the toy into another orifice, you simply strip off that condom and slide on another one. No muss, no fuss, no getting out of bed, no boiling dildos in your spaghetti pot!

Rubber gloves... when I recently demonstrated gloves in Denver, Colorado, a couple of audience members flushed bright red as soon as I slipped one on my hand. They obviously have had the slick, smooth, delicious experience of being fucked by a gloved hand. The latex is so sensitive that the wearer feels every bit of heat and wetness while the receiver gets all the pressure without any scratches or rough edges. When I've used latex for finger or fist fucking, I've been amazed to extract my hand from the glove and find it dry — the lubrication felt so close to me. What I love, as a chronic nail biter, is that my lover's juices don't sting my hands anymore. No more pruny fingertips! Suffice to say, I will always enjoy using latex glove wear. (Elbow length is available, but the way, from *Stormy Leather*....)

J.D. Pulido

Susie wears Sharon Mitchell like a glove.

Now the item that everyone is so uptight about: latex dams. Well, I'm about to set your wig straight once and for all. Dams are not only easy to orgasm with in the traditional manner (Cunnilingus 101), but you can pursue oral delights you never conceived of before, thanks to this little 4 x 5 square of sexual satisfaction.

Gourmet technique #1 is a special clitoral vacuum suck. Stretch a dam over your lover's clit. Feel with your tongue until you can sense her head and foreskin. Now purse your lips around that tiny area and suck in a miniscule bubble of rubber. This will make a nice little vacuum effect on the clit underneath. You can actually "suck bubbles" all over, but as a fan of direct stimulation, I like the clit bubble the best. Let me know how it works on nipples!

The secret strength of dams is that their real liberating effect is for anal sex. With a dam in place, you can approach rimming with the same gusto that you would ordinarily reserve for kissing babies.

It's interesting to me that in the typical sex manuals, they always recommend enemas and thorough cleansing before analingus. But in real life, pre-AIDS, most people either utterly avoided eating shit by *never* getting their mouth near anyone's ass, or they resigned themselves to taking a small risk while enjoying the benefits of all that soft, hot tonguing that every anus craves. Nowadays, with the more frightening prospect of AIDS, most people have strictly sworn off rimming unless they are in very long term monogamous relationships (count me out).

Enter the dental dam. With dams, you can skip the hour-long shower, forget the Fleet enema, can the long term monogamy and simply throw your inhibitions in the trash! With a latex square over your lover's anus, you can lick, munch, and probe to your healthful heart's content.

I've saved the best for last.

Ever since I was in Sex Ed Kindergarten, I've been warned that one must never move your mouth from the anus to the vulva, risking infection. Wrong Way, No Entrance, etc. Like a good girl, I adapted my sexual habits to avoid this taboo two-step.

But imagine this: with a latex dam stretched vertically from the anus to vagina, you can happily take one long lick from bottom to top, without flinching. It feels great! You can't believe you're getting away with it! You can't believe this is called Safe Sex!

Yes, there is a silver lining to the STD epidemic, and it comes in mint flavors, too. Long live latex. After all, it's latex for longer lives.

AN URGENT MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

LET'S TALK FRANKLY ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP

IT BEGAN AS A FLIRTATION.

Three years ago, we did our first issue of *On Our Backs*. We dressed up in our best sexy stuff found hanging in our closet, and strutted it out for you one day, to see how you'd respond. We wanted to have some fun, shake off a few cobwebs, burn up the dancefloor, and make a few people blush. You liked it.

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T WORK.

We still hear, all too frequently, from gay and straight business, including women's business, that a lesbian market (that means you!) either does not exist, or is not interested in sex. "You'll never sell such a magazine, or be successful," they said. But despite this lack of support, or the fact that a lesbian market had never been catered to, we knew in our guts they were wrong. We knew you were there, hungry and interested in us, and proud of a sexual forum to call your own. We have from the very first day, received an overwhelming response from you for our looks and our ideas. We have proved the critics wrong. But we need to do more than that if *On Our Backs* is to continue to be a vibrant medium. We have to bury them.

TIME FOR A COMMITMENT.

On Our Backs must grow. We must have the space and staff and tools necessary to continue to deepen our commitment to lesbian sexuality. We need to know you care, and that you want us with ardour. We have 1,000 subscribers now, but that is just a kiss. We need 1,000 more subs to keep the fires burning. After all these years, we are still attractive and desirable. And we want you!

GET A FRIEND TO SUBSCRIBE
KEEP *ON OUR BACKS* COMING OUT

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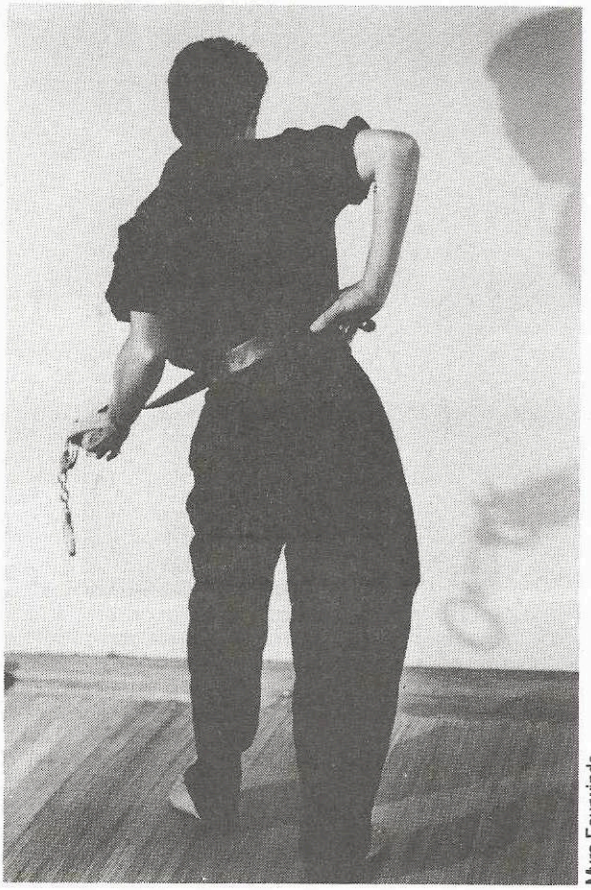
DADDY


Myra Fourwinds

My Daddy is very strict.

The punishment for this weekend is a writing assignment. Special clamps are attached to my nipples and I am put in front of the typewriter. Today's topic is *Daily Discipline*. Every twenty minutes or so, my Dad comes in here to check and see how I'm doing. If she feels that I'm not making appropriate progress, I'll be over her lap for a good, hard spanking. Discipline is very important for us. There are many rules and regulations to follow and many different punishments if those rules aren't followed. Daddy wears the belt in this family—the belt that teaches me right from wrong, good from bad. At least once a day I'm disciplined with that belt. Daddy has complete control over my life. She makes me save my money and take my vitamins. Daddy only wants what is best for me.

Everything has a routine.

I get up and make coffee for her every morning. That would be easy if I could use an alarm clock, but she thinks my alarm might wake her up. She says with a little discipline I should be able to learn anything. If I oversleep I have to go directly to my corner. I stand there with my nightgown pulled up, and wait for Daddy to tell me to fetch the paddle, belt, or hairbrush. Once she tells me what to get, I crawl to it and bring it back to her. Then I have to say, "I'm sorry I was disobedient, please spank me." We proceed to the family room, which is where I receive my discipline.

"Pull your pants down and get into position."

The "position" means straddling the ottoman or bending over the couch, depending on which one she is pointing to. I like the couch best. When I'm in position, she waits a few minutes, so that I can think about what is going to happen, and then I get it on my bare bottom—whack, whack, swish, smack.

"Stay still, Debra Ann, or you'll get more."

Daddy is very strong and turns my bottom red after just a few strokes. She believes in bare-bottom spankings. It doesn't matter if we're at a restaurant or in the shopping mall—I always have to pull down my pants.

I love my Daddy.

Daddy always disciplines me after school to help get me in the proper frame of mind. Sometimes when I get home from school Daddy is sitting in her favorite chair stroking her special dildo. I crawl over to her and she makes me suck her off. My Daddy loves to make me give her a blowjob. The thought of spanking me always gives Daddy a hard on. When Daddy is ready we go to the family room. I take off all my clothing and get up on this metal table, on my back with my legs spread and my knees up. I get clit punishment. I have to spread my lips apart and count every stroke. Usually a small cat o' nine tails is used. If I can't hold my lips open, there are special clamps. If I lose count, we have to start over at the beginning, and if I move, then I get double the original number. After that my nipples get pinched. Then if Daddy is in a good mood, she fucks me. She pumps and thrusts and pushes until she comes.

Sometimes after Daddy comes, she licks me and says,

"Come for Daddy, little girl, that's a girl, good girl, come for Daddy."

I always say, "Thank you, Daddy," whenever I come.

After my session I take my nap. Daddy checks to make sure that I'm sleeping, and if I'm not, I get a spanking in front of her friends. Her friends love to watch me get spanked and come over just to watch. All our friends know that my Daddy spanks me. It is very embarrassing.

"Humiliation is an important part of discipline."

I had to write that line 500 times once and when I was done she just tore it up in front of me. Daddy doesn't hesitate to embarrass me. One of our rules is that I'm not allowed to ask for anything when we are out shopping.

When I do ask for something, Daddy says in a loud voice, "I'm going to pull down your pants and spank your bare bottom right here and now if you don't behave."

Everyone turns and stares. She tells me to go sit on a bench. I wait for her. I think about being spanked. She comes over and sits down. I have to pull my pants down and get across her lap. I get a spanking there, and another when we get home.

I always cook dinner for Daddy. I bring all the food to the table and Daddy puts her food on a plate. I have a special bowl that she puts my food into and sets on the floor by her feet. I eat all my meals out of my dish. The rest of the evening is spent at my Daddy's feet, fetching what she needs and otherwise keeping quiet. I love being curled up at her feet while she watches television or reads. When she is ready, we go to bed. Sometimes I sleep on the floor by the foot of the bed, but other times I climb into the bed and we cuddle together.

I hope you find my assignment satisfactory, Daddy. I'm trying to be a good girl.

THE UGLY DYKE

Parents are always a good reality check, especially for those of us who live too long in gay ghettos. I recently took my new flame home to meet the family. During the seven hour drive from San Francisco to the LA suburbs, I tried to imagine what my folks would see.

The woman I introduced them to is a beauty — green eyes, dark skin, and black hair (for us blondes, black pubic hair is practically supernatural). She also knows how to dress; she is one of the few women I know who is comfortable in lace and wire underwear from the 50s together with a black leather jacket.

After my parents caught their breath, I assumed that what would strike them most strongly would be that she looks a little more femme than I do. This is no small concern to parents, you will understand. When Daughter first comes out, they think "she's always been a feminist; it's a political phase." When Daughter brings home first girlfriend (who is absolutely riveting from her black leather tie to her black leather boots), they think "the other one's the *real dyke*." But when Daughter introduces them to a feminine beauty, the unavoidable question is posed: "Who is the boy now?"

At least that is what I anticipated. On reflection, though, I think I only got it partially right. My parents' growing acceptance of the fact that I am indeed a *real dyke* may be due more to quantity ("another GIRL-friend") than to the subtleties of sex and gender self-presentation.

A clue that I had missed the mark came in the midst of a wonderful talk with my mother. She was allowing me to fill her in on the romantic details of How We Met: "And so there we were, in this crowded room. Suddenly somewhere from the back I hear this voice you would die for...and the voice belonged to the most beautiful woman in the room." A slight widening of my mother's eyes told me that we see women differently. Her next comment confirmed this: "Oh. I see. But does she always wear that leather jacket?"

They had seen a lesbian in leather; phrases like "more feminine" or "most beautiful" may never have even occurred to my folks.

It made me think once more about the puzzle of the Ugly Dyke.

Ugly is a strange word. So is beauty for than matter. Common sense and and endless number of aphorisms tell us that these are individual judgments, a question of taste,

Annie Valva

qualities present only in the eye of the beholder, and so on. But as women we know that this is no description of reality. While none of us could say exactly what beauty is, we each could probably list in depressing detail every single flaw that keeps up from fully belonging to that category.

It is at least very clear that "ugly" is collectively and culturally defined. Except that we should keep in mind that there is more than one culture. The straight world's idea of beauty may translate into bland and boring in a lesbian context, just as outside that subculture, a dyke's individual beauty may be hidden (even from herself) by the sexism and homophobia of commercial culture.

On any good Saturday night in San Francisico, I, for instance, am hot. Give me a good haircut (a dyke imperative), my spandex tank top and skin-tight jeans riding over high heeled boots, and surround me with women who — like me — are there to be looked at — and insecurity won't be my biggest problem. A woman's directed glances just to the left of my head will feel right. I will be able to match her glance for glance and hold a gaze with the best of them.

Transplant me to my parents' suburban community and my self-consciousness will not equal with self-confidence. Suddenly I look "wrong." A woman of 33 with no make-up, or too much make-up. An unmarried older woman. A woman who doesn't seem to know to remove her fuzzy moustache.

Ugly Dyke. Yes, that's me too.

Ugly is more than a physical description; for a woman it is meant to be shorthand for worthless, undesirable, undeserving. And lesbians are, by popular definition, ugly women. This categorization of dykes as "ugly" serves a purpose. It not only makes claiming our identity less appealing, it also provides a perfect explanation for why some women would chose women over men: presumably we are "too unattractive" to claim a man's attention.

But if lesbians are such ugly women, where do we get off going around acting as if we deserve sexual pleasure? Only the beautiful in this culture deserve love, lust, and satisfaction, right? And only a very few women deserve temporary membership in this elite. After all, widespread self-confidence would be dangerous: the self-confident are in a position to make demands and women are not supposed to be demanding.

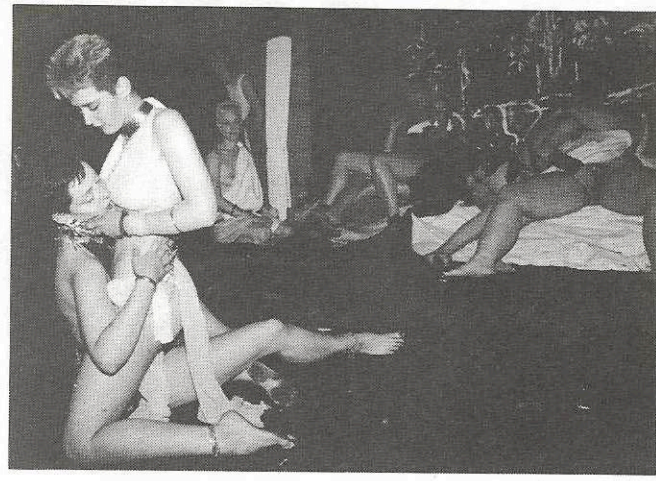
Instead, commercial culture does its best to breed deep insecurity, endless attempts at physical transformation and a female waiting game. She who does battle with her own imperfection will hold her desire in check while waiting for a more perfect moment or will settle for someone who will take her despite her shortcomings.

Lesbians categorically aren't such nice girls. There is no "other" to make the move. We are women who must *pursue* sexual pleasure. In fact, dykes are the only category of women defined by the pursuit of pleasure. Other female identities are only instrumentally sexual, such as "mother" or "whore," or incidentally sexual, such as "wife."

Lesbians, on the other hand, are women publicly identified by *our* sexual desire — a desire apparently so pronounced that we are willing to accept the burdens of the pervert and the outlaw in its pursuit. We are women out of control, and that is already a punishable offense. But the complicated labeling of lesbians as both ugly and highly sexual makes us dangerous for another if related reason. If we were to be left unpunished for our expectation that we deserve sexual pleasure in all our

(continued on page 41)

Lesbian Lingerie


Jill Posener

Has Christian Dior stumbled upon a vast, as yet untapped, lesbian market for sexy underwear? Recently *Columbus Monthly* and *Cincinnati Magazine* both ran a sleepwear ad depicting two women on a bed, gazing at each other, whispering, "The stuff dreams are made of.. My happily-ever-after... Just look at her... My spirit soars at the mere sight... Only Christian Dior for my princess." Originally intending to use a photograph of a man and a woman, the department store which ran the ad substituted the female pair in order to advertise women's underwear. According to a department store spokesperson, no one checked the "appropriateness" of the text after substituting the photos. "You know, usually you're watching [ads] to see if there's too much flesh showing... I'm from the old school. When you're busy watching for the old school stuff, you may miss the new school stuff," commented one magazine publisher, according to *Equal Time*.

Lesbian Agenda for Action

Lesbian Agenda for Action is hosting a conference, November 14–15, in San Francisco on — what else? — a lesbian political agenda. As we move out of the 80s and, we hope, the Reagan/Moral Majority years, it's time to ask, "What are our issues? How do we organize to do something about them?"

Workshops include: Decriminalizing Sex, the Politics of AIDS, Domestic Partners, Health Care, Reproductive and Body Rights, the Sexual Stratification of Erotic Minorities and Sex Workers, Legalized Discrimination, Substance Abuse, Parenting, Workplace Discrimination, and more.

For more information and a registration packet, contact Lyndall at (415) 285-4725.

British Leather

In Britain, lesbians have their first S/M social club and disco — the Chain Reaction, which every week puts on a dance and often a live sex show to spice up the revelry. One such show, Roman Scandals, featured S/M dykes getting it on in togas. Chain Reaction has not always been allowed to frolic in peace, however. Earlier this year a group of anti-S/M activists stormed the bar wearing hooded masks and armed with crowbars, determined to protest "sadomasochistic violence." These peace-loving do-gooders smashed the cigarette machine, sprayed red paint everywhere, and beat up one of the patrons.

But the Chain Reaction club is only more popular than ever. On any Thursday night if you happen be in London, the club invites you to come meet some friends ... and bring your own fantasy.

Mud Wrestling, Lesbian Style

The ancient sport of mud wrestling will never be the same, thanks to the efforts of lesbians in San Francisco and Atlanta, and huge quantities of whipped cream and chocolate pudding. As San Francisco lesbians rolled around in whipped cream at a local women's bar, unbeknownst to them, their Atlanta counterparts were wrestling around in chocolate pudding at a recent lesbian feminist retreat.

At Amelia's, one of San Francisco's oldest lesbian bars, one hundred women gathered to cheer on three teams of wrestlers in a knock-down-drag-out slippery-sliding match of bodies and whipped cream. Blush, who produced the contest, pronounced the winners after they had pinned their opponents down three times in three rounds.

Cleaning up after the festivities was no small task, as the bar, by the end of the event, was literally covered with the contents of 30 cans of whipped cream.

Meanwhile, 3,000 miles away, at the Altanta Lesbian Feminist Alliance (ALFA) retreat, 20 women watched mud wrestling champ Wonder Woman challenge Big Tuna to a test of chocolate pudding endurance. As reported by the ALFA newsletter, Wonder Woman's first move was to mop Big Tuna's face in the chocolate sludge. But Big Tuna had her own proven technique; she slipped in and out of Wonder Woman's grasp, wearing the brute's resistance, and finally pinning the "hunky, enraged" Wonder Woman for the count of ten.

Mexico Bad Habits /Madrid Kiss-In

Two "well-to-do" women, found naked in a parked car in Monterey, Mexico, were apprehended by police and charged with exercising "bad habits." When police charged the women with having a "real sexual orgy," one of the women told authorities that she and her friend were only celebrating their upcoming marriage. Worried that their reputations would suffer, they offered police 20,000 pesos to set them free.

But the next time police in Madrid, Spain, consider arresting lesbians for engaging in public displays of affection, they're bound to think twice. A week after two women in their early 20s were arrested for kissing in public and held in a high security facility for 48 hours, several hundred lesbians gathered in Madrid's central Puerta del Sol to stage a mass kiss-in. Protesting the arrest of the two women, as well as the harassment of Spanish lesbians in general, the demonstrators chanted slogans, repeatedly kissed each other, and invited passersby to kiss them, as the police looked on in dismay.

ON OUR BACKS LESBIANS AIDS

LET'S GO SAFE

Everything you need to know about AIDS prevention

ARTICLE
Emily Kahn

PHOTOS
H.L. Cottrell

ILLUSTRATIONS
Sarita Johnson

LESBIANS, AIDS, AND SAFE SEX

Ann brushed her lips softly across Marie's, then down her arched neck, to land for a moment on one eager nipple. As Ann's hands stroked her lover's sweating spine, then cradled her ass in strong fingers, Marie moaned:

"Wait, love, I'll get the dam!" Pulling a square of dark latex out of the cardboard box on the nightstand, she arranged it between her trembling thighs and guided Ann's face down across her belly....

"Please! Inside me!" Marie whispered.

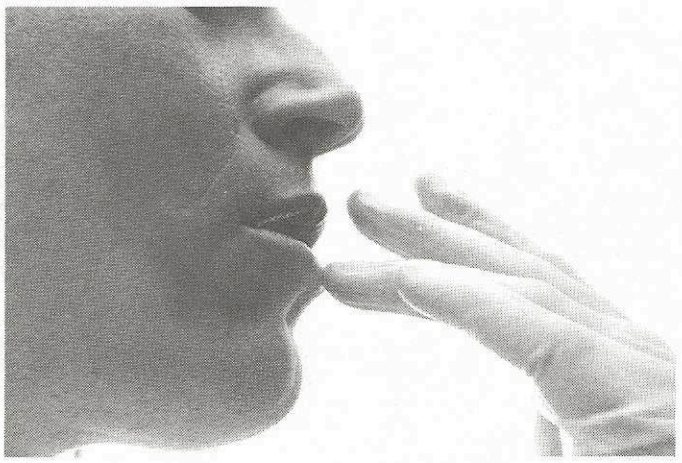
"Just a minute, sweetheart," Ann whispered, as she slipped the fingers into a plastic glove before probing that sweet wetness....

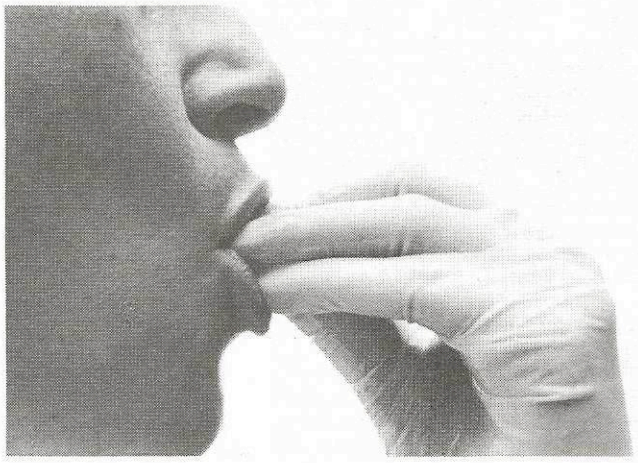
Slipped her fingers into a *what*?

Is this science fiction?

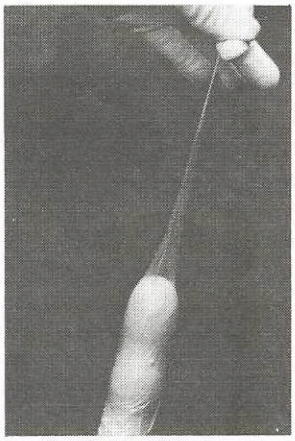
Or is it the only way for Marie to protect Ann from the AIDS virus which she could be carrying?

During the last year or two, several AIDS organizations and lesbian publications have devised some safe sex guidelines for lesbians who may run the risk of being infected with the AIDS virus. Many lesbians have viewed these guidelines with some confusion,





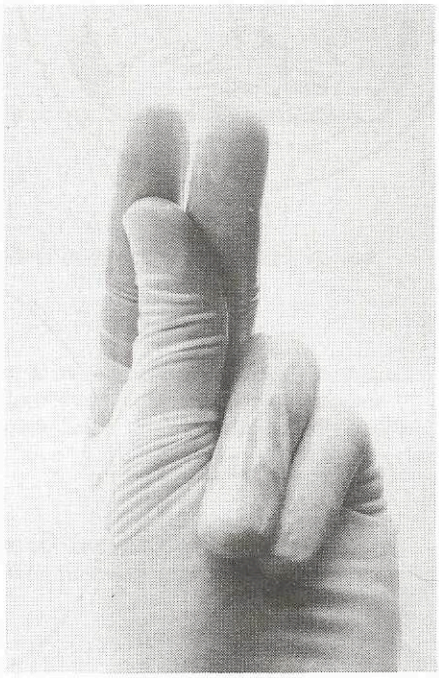
SEX SHOPPING!



Finger Cots and Surgical Gloves

Gloves and **cots** are available at most pharmacies and discount **drugstores.** Finger cots are a low 19 cents each; surgical gloves (the non-sterile variety, which are the kind used by doctors for pelvic examinations, are suitable) cost about **$6.25 for a box of fifty.** Gloves come in **small through extra large** sizes.

Hospital supply stores (which are listed in the Yellow Pages) carry both finger cots, at about $2.25 for twelve dozen, and surgical gloves, at about **$10.00 for 100.**



Rubber Dental Dams

A hospital supply store can give you the names and telephone numbers of local **dental suppliers,** who may not be listed in the Yellow Pages. **Dental dams** are about **$6.50 for a box of 36** and come in various sizes (such as 6 x 6 inches) and weights (**try the light or medium**). Check out the flavors, too: **chocolate, vanilla, and mint!**

You can order rubber **dams at two for 75 cents** from the **Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco.** Write to them in care of:

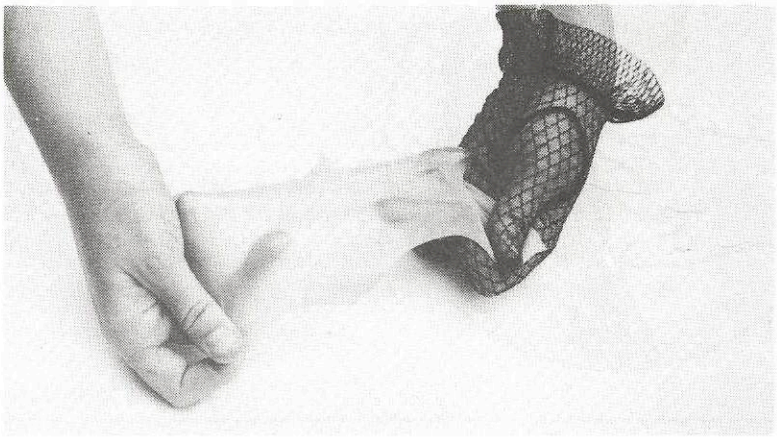
Exodus Trust, 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call them at (415) 928-1133.

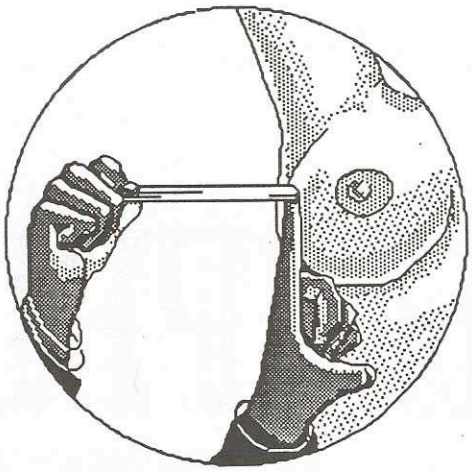
Exodus Trust also carries a complete **Safe Sex Kit, including ten condoms, two water-based spermicidal lubricants, two pairs of latex gloves, and two rubber dams, for $19.95 plus $2.50 for shipping and handling.** This kit comes with a booklet telling you how to enjoy it all.

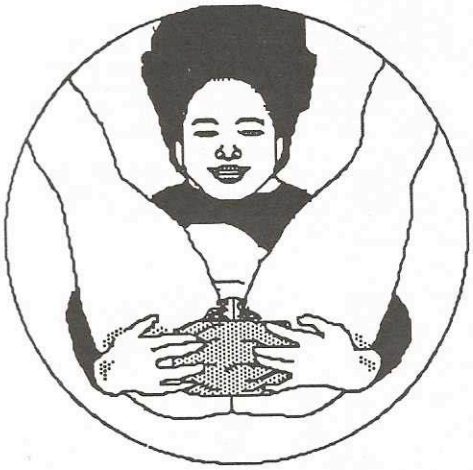
How-To

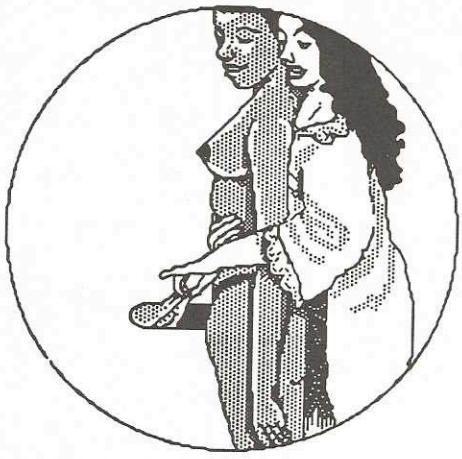
A Complete Guide to Safe Sex, is available at $6.95 from Exodus Trust, 1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

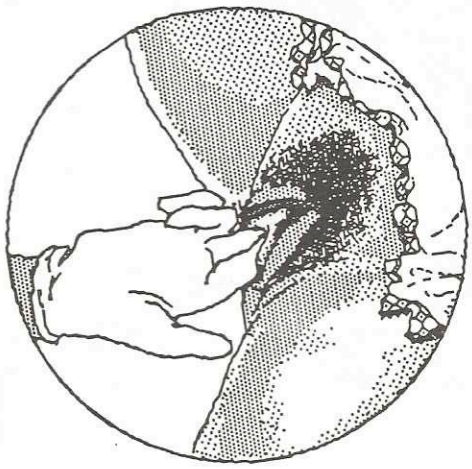
Most sex toy stores, carry safe sex supplies, and a growing number of gay/lesbian book and gift shops have safe sex accessories as well. Call up your local gay establishment and ask if you can purchase safe sex supplies. **If they say they don't carry anything for safe sex, ask them: *What are you waiting for?***











because they have been told they are in a low risk group.

Sadly, the times have changed. AIDS is no longer considered a male homosexual disease, and the mass media is encouraging everyone to practice prevention. That includes lesbians, especially those who have not been celibate or in monogamous relationships since 1979. Granted, few lesbians to date have contracted the AIDS virus, but considering the long incubation period for the disease, it may be wise to consider taking preventive measures now.

The concept of lesbian safe sex received an unwelcomed boost last winter, when a brief report in a medical journal shattered any last illusions that lesbians are safe from AIDS. Now it appears that lesbians, too, may have to censor their sex lives in order to escape the scourge that has decimated our gay male friends and increasingly threatens heterosexuals as well.

The report appeared in the *Annals of Internal Medicine,* in a letter to the editor about a case of probable woman-to-woman transmission of the AIDS virus. The story of these two New York City women, which actually began back in 1982, was first described informally about two years ago in the *Village Voice.*

In the *Voice* article, writer Peg Byron interviewed the surviving lover, "Cathy." Cathy's lover, "Jill," a former intravenous drug user, had recently died of AIDS. Now Cathy was infected with the AIDS virus, and beginning to experience some of the early symptoms of AIDS.

Cathy was not a drug user, and reported no other obvious risk factors for AIDS. Although she had had sex with a couple of men in the years before her symptoms began, one of these men tested negative; the other did not want to be tested, but denied that he had any of the usual AIDS risk factors or symptoms.

Yes, this guy's refusal to be tested might be a bit suspicious. But I'm afraid there's no strong reason to hope that Cathy got AIDS from him and not from Jill. The evidence for lesbian transmission in this case is too convincing.

Cathy's first fevers and swollen glands appeared about six weeks after the beginning of her relationship with Jill. At that time, Jill had already been to the doctor with unexplained weight loss and swollen glands. Later, Jill was to develop Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer associated with AIDS.

Although it's true that AIDS generally has a longer incubation period — several years, rather than several weeks — many people do experience an initial "acute infection"

(continued on page 42)

SAFE SEX GUIDELINES FOR LESBIANS

Most lesbians do not have a high risk of contracting or transmitting the AIDS virus at this time. But for lesbians who fit into one of the "high risk" groups, practicing safe sex is a must to prevent further exposure. For lesbians who are at low risk, learning and practicing safe sex is the healthiest way to stay sexually active and prevent AIDS from growing in our community.

LESBIANS AT HIGH RISK FOR AIDS

- Lesbians who share needles or any other paraphernalia (spoons, works, syringes) when using IV drugs. *This is the single most important risk category for lesbians.*
- Lesbians who have had sexual contact with:
  - men who have been actively gay or bisexual since l979,
  - people of either sex whose sexual histories are unknown,
  - people who use IV drugs,
  - people who are hemophiliac, or who have received blood transfusions between l979 and 1985.
- Lesbians who have received blood transfusions or blood products between 1979 and 1985.

LESBIANS AT LOW RISK FOR AIDS

- Lesbians who have been monogamous with a partner since 1979.
- Lesbians who have been celibate and have received no blood transfusions or blood products since 1979.
- Lesbians whose sexual partners have not been at risk since 1979.

AIDS experts are advising lesbians who believe that they run the risk of either contracting or transmitting the disease to follow safe sex guidelines:

SAFE LESBIAN SEX

Massage, tribadism (body to body rubbing), social kissing, voyeurism, mutual masturbation, sex toys which are protected with condoms, or cleaned and dried thoroughly between each partner's use, S/M activities that do not involve exchanging bodily fluids, and virtually any other activity that does not require sharing or contact with bodily fluids.

LOW RISK LESBIAN SEX

French kissing, cunnilingus or analingus with a latex barrier, genital or anal contact with hands or fingers while wearing surgical latex gloves, genital or anal contact with hands or fingers when neither partner has cuts, scratches, or sores on their hands or genitals, and external water sports.

UNSAFE LESBIAN SEX

Unprotected cunnilingus (especially during menstruation since menstrual blood is currently considered to be the same as any other type of blood), any type of blood exchange, unprotected oral/anal contact, unprotected hand/vagina or hand/anal contact, urine or feces in the mouth or vagina, and sharing sex toys that have come in contact with bodily fluids.

WHERE CAN I TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Certain specific AIDS antibodies tests can help you find out whether the AIDS antibodies are present in your system. Call your local health department and ask where you can get an anonymous AIDS antibody test that will be as specific as possible to your concerns.

Or, call 1-800-342-7514, a 24-hour AIDS hotline, which can direct you to your nearest anonymous testing site.

On Our Backs, 526 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114 (415) 861-4723

Get

ting Away From It All

photographed by Shari Cohen

OASIS

Martha Courtot

I had been driving back and forth across the desert for several days, and the shimmering heat had driven itself deep into the pores of my freckled skin, creating a hallucinatory reality. It was definitely time to treat myself to a rest stop, a real bed, and maybe even a cool pool to soak my body in. When I saw a hint of turquoise rising out of the stark brown hills, I slowed the car down and gave a hard look. Coming closer, I noticed a very small sign — *The Oasis* — at the edge of an iron gate. Hmm ... I liked the name and I liked the cool blue of the adobe building. Pulling my sweaty body out of the car, I found the small office of this unassuming motel.

A woman answered my bell who looked like the desert herself. She must have been in her late sixties, and walked with the sureness of someone who has been dodging cactus successfully for years. She had that brown lined face common to desert women, but even then I recognized something in her which in no way could be called common. I thought it might be the "mannish" look about her. She wore tight jeans and a white shirt which was not buttoned all the way up. I had a quick glimpse of her breasts as she leaned over me to get the key.

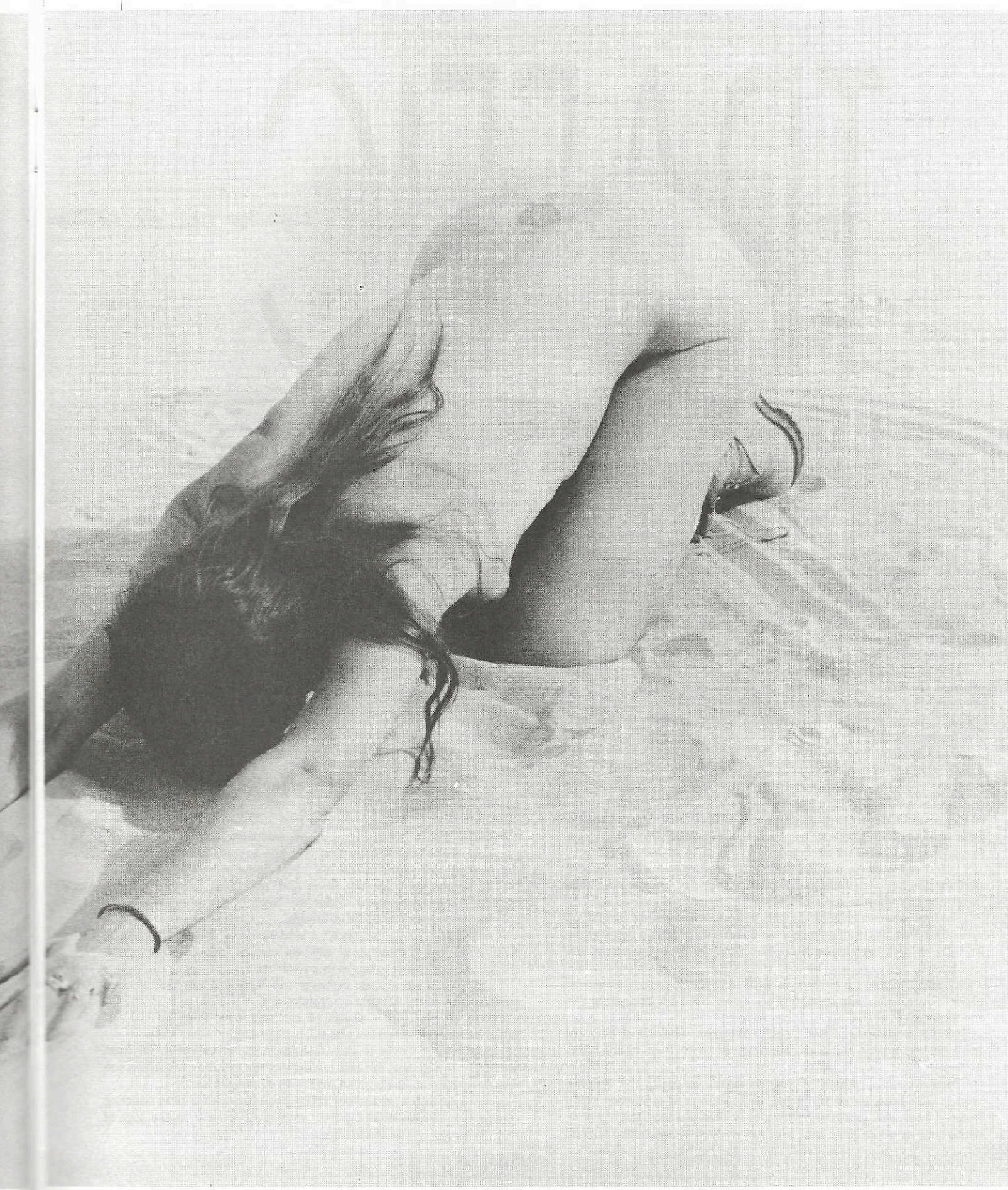
"Have a good visit," she said, and turned away.

I went to my room and peeled out of my clothes, and I do mean peeled. Everything was sticking to me. It was not a usual motel room. For one thing, there were no mirrors. Usually, motel rooms are full of mirrors, and when one stares into them, an emptied reflection stares back. Here there were none, and yet I felt reflection of myself reverberating around the walls. The window looked out on some fine pyramid shaped mountains, and the room itself was painted a pale green which reminded me of the Palo Verde in bloom. A huge round bowl sat on a small desk, and inside the bowl were bits of feather, Saguaro wood, bone, and more mysterious objects I could not put a name to. Someone had designed this room with courage, simplicity and elegance.

My thoughts returned to the woman at the desk. Her name was Ruth. She, like the room, was simple and yet contained an elegance, a natural superiority.

Restlessness overtook me. I put on my shorts and top, my usual bathing *(continued on page 38)*

Photography by Rusty Kavendeck



TRAFFIC

Lisa White Eagle

I was hopelessly locked in a rush hour gridlock when I spotted her near the corner, two blocks ahead of my van. To say she caught my eye was an understatement. From her small sandaled feet to the thin band taming her wild, dark hair, she was a billowing, blinding delicacy.

In all my girl watching years I had never run across someone who made me glad I was stuck in traffic.

After a few blinkless minutes, I zeroed in on her individual sections. Not that I had wanted to reduce her to an articulated slab of flesh, but the whole picture of her was too intoxicating. I thought that a glimpse of a tiny flaw might put regularity back into my breathing.

I was wrong.

She was on my side of the street, walking in a slow browse, pausing to peer into a window that caught her eye.

"Time on her hands," I imagined.

Her round little bottom caught my eye first. It moved gracefully, with a mysterious choreography all its own. Her ivory silk pants floated and yielded to her every move.

I could easily make out the outline of firm legs and hips. It was obvious she had decided against panties that day. Her tanned legs swayed the thin film of material against the breeze.

I let my eyes drift back to her bottom. Images of my hands unveiling that ass to the bright sun, her pants falling to a white bracelet around her ankles, brought a shudder of moist heat to my jean bound cunt.

My eyes traveled up her long back, strong and lean under the near sheer blouse. Her hair sheeted black down her back and paused in the cleavage of her ass.

"Oh, for a glimpse of her front!" I thought. Visions of her... of us... flashed before my eyes, blinding me with their misty white fantasy.

"Turn around... please," I begged softly, gripping the steering wheel. The horn stared up at me, questioning my hesitating palm. I stared back and explained with a look that she was just a vision, something to adore from afar and never disturb, someone to recall when my fingers were deep within myself.

But the horn did not understand such lame logic and blared itself into her lush, raven hair.

It was a short blast of annoyance common to this part of the day. She probably thought it was some impatient clod who went to the asshole school of driving.

Maybe, though, she would think it was aimed at her, a modern day serenade. She carried herself as if she was accustomed to such displays of automotive affection. If so, she ignored it beautifully. She could not help but do otherwise. But maybe... just maybe, it teased her curiosity and she would venture a half turn to the cars behind her.

"That would be enough," I breathed, steering my finger to my jeans.

Just a peek, a completed picture to pull from my mind later, was all I wanted from her.

Okay... so I lie.

What I really wanted was an exclusive and very private showing of the lusciousness that laid just beyond her buttons. Oh, the idea of that alone made my chest come alive with desire. I pulled my hands from my jeans and ran them lightly over my nipples. They grew hard under my touch, protruding until they balanced on the ends of my large breasts.

"Look this way... just once," I said hoarsely, my voice already tight with lust. I squeezed my ass cheeks together tightly. A rising ache shot from my thighs to my wet cunt.

I dug my fingers back between my legs and felt the wetness spreading hot and wide past my crotch seam.

I shot a quick look ahead of me and saw that the duel of imported and domestic steel was still in deep clog.

I narrowed my eyes to daydreaming slits, never losing her from my sight. In seconds, the cars were gone, the grinding afternoon sun was dissolving into the horizon, and I was alone with her.

I dreamed into a small, airy room, the kind with a slow whirling ceiling fan. Bamboo and paper screens fit loosely in the gap of wall, making *(continued on page 37)*

LIFE IN PARIS

VINTAGE LESBIAN EROTICA

COURTESY OF VASTA IMAGES & BOOKS

Since World War II, several waves of lesbian scholars have searched Western history for traces of a lesbian presence in previous generations. From the first such attempt — Jeannette Foster's pathbreaking book *Sex Variant Women in Literature* — it has been obvious that there was a significant lesbian popu-lation in Paris in the early part of the twentieth century.

From about 1890 until the outbreak of WWII, Paris drew lesbians from much of the Western world. Parisian life was such that these women were sheltered from some of the anti-gay bigotry and persecution that characterized Anglo-American life at the time. As a consequence, these women were able to form lesbian identities, build lesbian institutions and communities, and create art and literature that reflected their experience.

We know about these women largely because they left behind such an impressive collection of artifacts to testify of their presence. From the earlier period at the turn of the century, we have the poems of Renee Vivien, the writings of Colette, and

• on this page: *Three women, with dildo and harness; circa 1915–1920.* Photographer unknown.

• on previous page:
Cross-dressed woman with a crop, by Yva Richard; circa 1927.
Yva Richard was a lingerie and fetish attire manufacturer who photographed her creations, all modeled by the same woman.

• *postcard from the famous lesbian bar, Le Monocle, circa 1927*

• *a lesbian "pulp" novel, circa 1925*

lesbian fiction by authors such as Liane de Pougy and Natalie Barney. From the 1920s, we have the writings of Djuna Barnes, the paintings of Romaine Brooks, and Radclyffe Hall's *Well of Loneliness*, all of which refer to a complex and lively community. There were many others who left traces as well — Janet Flanner, Sylvia Beach, H. D., Margaret Anderson, Gertrude Stein, and Alice B. Toklas are only a few of the better researched occupants of this era; the women captured in Brassai's photographs of *Le Monocle* bar are among the more anonymous.

These more well-known lesbian artifacts are like the spectacular temples and pyramids that let succeeding generations know that something of importance happened in a particular place at an earlier time. Archeologists know it is impossible to understand these monuments without investigating more deeply and uncovering the less visible leavings of a previous civilization. Since the lesbians of early twentieth century Paris left such overt signs of their presence, it is fair to assume that there is a great deal of material yet to be discovered.

The photographs presented here are such a revelation. The women of Paris were not just composing sonnets and painting portraits. Some of them were also posing for or photographing explicitly sexual lesbian pictures. I have always found it delightful to know that my lesbian ancestors were writing books about one another. I am equally thrilled to find such delicious documentation that they were using dildos, and dressing up in obvious fetish attire. We will learn a lot about lesbian life in the early twentieth century from this kind of material, and these pictures should certainly dislodge some of the staid sterotypes about what our foremothers were up to!

—*Gayle Rubin*

AN URGENT MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

LET'S TALK FRANKLY ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP

IT BEGAN AS A FLIRTATION.

Three years ago, we did our first issue of *On Our Backs*. We dressed up in our best sexy stuff found hanging in our closet, and strutted it out for you one day, to see how you'd respond. We wanted to have some fun, shake off a few cobwebs, burn up the dancefloor, and make a few people blush. You liked it.

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T WORK.

We still hear, all too frequently, from gay and straight business, including women's business, that a lesbian market (that means you!) either does not exist, or is not interested in sex. "You'll never sell such a magazine, or be successful," they said. But despite this lack of support, or the fact that a lesbian market had never been catered to, we knew in our guts they were wrong. We knew you were there, hungry and interested in us, and proud of a sexual forum to call your own. We have from the very first day, received an overwhelming response from you for our looks and our ideas. We have proved the critics wrong. But we need to do more than that if *On Our Backs* is to continue to be a vibrant medium. We have to bury them.

TIME FOR A COMMITMENT.

On Our Backs must grow. We must have the space and staff and tools necessary to continue to deepen our commitment to lesbian sexuality. We need to know you care, and that you want us with ardour. We have 1,000 subscribers now, but that is just a kiss. We need 1,000 more subs to keep the fires burning. After all these years, we are still attractive and desirable. And we want you!

GET A FRIEND TO SUBSCRIBE
KEEP *ON OUR BACKS* COMING OUT

Remember, the holidays are coming. Give her (and us) a present not easily forgotten.

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On Our Backs
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Penny Jerome

THE ACQUISITION OF ZRIE

by Zivi Karmil

I don't, as a general rule, lend money. But when my pal Brugelia, a comrade from my adventuring days, fell short of funds, I lent the $2,000 she needed just so I wouldn't have to share my wine cellar with her for the rest of my life. Needless to say, I thought that would be the last I'd ever see of her.

I was a bit wary, therefore, when I heard only a year later that Brugelia was once again in port. I instructed my servants to prepare a moderate feast, and was not a bit surprised when she and her friends entered my gates a few moments past dark.

Brugelia has always been a bit too blunt for my taste. Before I had the chance to greet her she interrupted, "I know you would prefer cash — I would, too. Truth is, I only have a quarter of it. I brought you a gift as interest on the remainder."

It was then that I noticed that aside from the party of riffraff she usually travels with (which to my amusement she calls her "crew"), there was also a young woman of fine bones clad in a pale tunic. Much to my liking, it did little to hide her small body. Her wrists were bound to a collar and she preferred to watch the floor than meet my eyes. That made it all the easier for me to linger over her breasts as they pressed deliciously against the sheer cloth.

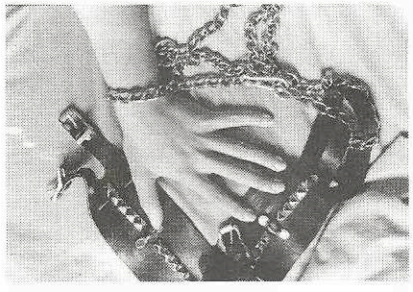
Though not unheard of, slaves were not common in our city. Although I had never owned a slave, I immediately began forming ideas of what to do with this one. I told Brugelia I would accept her contract of payment and instructed one of my servants to bathe and keep watch over the girl until my leisure.

I opened my wine cellar to Brugelia and her horde but did not join them in their drinking. The thought of what fun would await me later with my new slave made my blood run hot. While I am used to finding my pleasure among a circle of friends, it had been months since I had so much as held hands with one of them. I had grown tired of the social demands, the dinners, the music making, the bathing parties, which seemed to necessarily precede any fulfillment. While I would not call myself an impatient person, I was delighted by the notion of engaging with another — especially one so attractive — without the ordeal such relationships usually involved. For this reason, I excused myself from the party early and retired to my room.

It charmed me that my servants know me well enough to prepare the room accordingly. My bed has four large posts of carved ebony and between the two endposts some ingenious soul had strapped my guest by her arms and legs. She was naked, and her hair was woven with polished shells and silver beads — much to my liking. She was obviously fatigued by her position and tried pitifully to transfer some of her weight from her arms.

I sat in my favorite chair, three feet directly in front of her. As I drained my first glass of wine of the evening, I had an overwhelming desire to lick her labia parted before me. I proceeded to do so, and felt her flesh tremble against my tongue. It was probably fear more than pleasure which moistened her, and I had to force myself away before I plunged in.

Standing up, I caught her gaze for the first time. Her irises were almost golden in hue and her lashes were wet. For a moment she looked at me challengingly, but there was no malice — which is a good thing because I do not think I would have been able to continue if there was hatred.



photos: Jill Posener

On my part there was rapture, but I tried to hide it. "Tell me about yourself," I commanded as I annointed her hardened nipples with my second glass of wine.

She was frightened, or thirsty, and could barely speak. Finally she whispered, "My name is Zrie."

I placed my glass on her lips, and she nearly emptied it, but I snatched the cup away. I placed my finger over her mouth while I finished the drink before her. I liked the desire I saw on her face. This was how Zrie looked best.

"Call me 'Master'," I said, enjoying the way it rolled from my throat. I had never before had the need to say it. I could tell she hadn't either, the way she choked over her response: "Yes, Master."

"Tell me your story," I ordered.

She was a spoil of a trivial war. Zrie and ninety-nine others had been enroute to the capital when attacked by pirates. These barbarians traded them for a new ship, which was soon mutinied and forced to port. She and the rest of the cargo were confiscated. A dozen of them were abducted by a court clerk, who was in turn slain by none other than my good friend Brugelia.

Knowing then that there were other slaves, I asked Zrie if she were the best of the lot. She gave her first blush. This also became her. But since she still would not answer, I felt it would be a good time to unstrap the belt I wore around my waist. This, not surprisingly, made the words stick even more and it was with great pleasure that I decided to let the first welt land across her breast. I have always had superb aim and she complemented it with a lovely cry. She was still too stunned to answe. I admit I liked the mark I had laced upon her chest, and so I placed one to match it on the other side.

As I wound my belt for the third time she desperately cried, "I don't know."

"Are you a virgin, at least?" I asked. I had been wondering all evening long.

I needed only to begin wrapping the belt before she answered that she was. Now, there are different types of virgins. I like them inexperienced, but not estranged from their own touch. I asked, "Do you have orgasms?" This made her blush again and then turn pale.

She was slow to answer, but it was "yes." I began to gently rub the tip of my belt along her stomach and thighs, giving her ample time to remember the meaning of her body.

"Do you want to be let down?" I asked.

"Yes, please."

"I will only let you down if your give me three of your orgasms," I told her. I do not know where I got that idea from, but it seemed like a good trade-off. She seemed hesitant, which I understand, for I give my own orgasms very rarely to others. Never to strangers. But I wasn't a *stranger*, I was her master.

What should I do, I wondered, if she fails to give me what I want? I began searching the room for some means of punishment when my eyes fell on a set of candles. I had once watched a friend of mine dribble wax on the stomach and legs of a dancing girl who had grown weary of undulating for our pleasure. I took one of the candles from its holder and brought it before Zrie.

"If you don't give all three to me," I said, lowering the candle to her vagina, "you will have to burn yourself." I showed her what I meant by letting a little wax fall upon her flesh. Her only response was an anguished cry as her pelvis vainly tried to escape the searing. I placed the candle before her in hopes that it would help her to make a choice, and retreated to my table. I began a game of solitaire.

My own cunt was throbbing, and throughout my game I calculated not the cards, but what I would and could do to get the most pleasure out of this unexpected Zrie. A slave, I concluded, was preferable to a prostitute where the rules were already set into motion by the dictate of cash. What I was purchasing, if I played it right, was not just this young woman's body but her life. Her

emotions, her intellect, her sexuality. And while huge land holdings and my own personal charms have made me a powerul figure in our city, I do not think I had ever felt so powerful before. I enjoyed hearing the small easing of wood as Zrie struggled against the bind she was in. I fancied that she too was contemplating a never-before sense of powerlessness. The only choices she had the power to make were the choices I had given her. I closed my eyes and felt a small orgasm trickle through my guts. It was the first one I ever had purely of the mind.

"And if I do what you want, what then?" she interrupted.

"Are you addressing me?" I asked, rising from the table.

"Yes, Master," she replied. I enjoyed the fact that she was as quick minded and calculating as I. "If I do — have orgasms, Master, what then?"

"It depends on how much pleasure I derive from them," I answered somewhat honestly.

"All right, I will try," she replied.

For the first time I felt pity for her. I felt how small and frightened she was. I craved taking her in my arms and comforting her. But, I reasoned, there would be time for that later. "What will you do if you fail?"

"Burn myself," she replied.

Happily then, I unfastened her arms and took pleasure in her sweet round ass as she bent down and untied her legs that were stretched so far apart. I let her collapse into a huddle on the floor and watched her massage warmth back into her hands and feet. Then I gave her my silver comb, told her to clean the wax from herself, and seated myself in my best chair. Pouring another glass of wine, I sat back to admire her.

My glass was empty by the time she had finished and I motioned for her to pour. Her movements were cautious, and when she had finally filled the chalice I spread my thighs and had her stand between them. I let her have the drink and she greedily gulped it down. It made her sputter a bit and I realized she was not used to spirits. I smiled at this and at the welts I had decorated on her, and waited for her to begin.

For the first orgasm, I decided, I would not help at all, but merely watch. She grew terribly uncomfortable standing between my legs with the sounds of the household growing loud in comparison to the stillness of our room. She shifted her weight and bit her lips for over fifteen minutes. "How do you want me to do it?" she asked. She quickly added, "Master." I gave her the most noncommittal shrug I could muster and bit my own tongue to stifle the joy of it.

"Well, I guess I like to lie down," she answered. Much to my liking she lay down right there before my boots. She slowly rolled to her stomach, a position I myself am familiar with. She turned her head from me and placed her hand beneath herself. I watched her butt and thighs tighten and ease, and it made my own body ache. When she either achieved orgasm, or thought I would believe she had, she turned over. She was panting a bit, but I was not convinced.

"You kept it to yourself and did not give it to me," I said angrily. She drew her smooth legs together and looked puzzled. "If that is it, you might as well give up and burn yourself now," I said, pointedly eyeing the candle.

"I don't know what you want!"

"Give me three of your orgasms or burn yourself," I repeated.

She gave me a pitiful look. I stood up and to my joy she reached for my arm. Her grip was light and she was still flushed, but she managed to ask, "How do *I* give *you* one of *my* orgasms, Master?"

The "Master" made me smile and so I instructed: "Bring it to me."

Zrie was not stupid. She pressed herself right into me. I sat back down and permitted her to straddle one of my legs which she seemed to take as a good idea. She stroked and rubbed herself and did all the things I longed to do. I suffered with the want of grinding my own cunt into her until I thought could take it no longer. She lowered herself onto my thigh and kissed my legging with the heat of her sex. Her nipples firmed before my lustful eyes and her skin flushed a pink which rivalled my own fever. When her eyelids began to flutter and her movements were as rhythmic as a horse in gallop, I somehow managed to order her: "Bring it to me."

She lowered herself onto my thigh and kissed my legging with the heat of her sex.

She slowed down, but I leaned forward and pinched her nipple between my nails. "Don't stop — give it to me." I did not let up on her tit. She began to groan from it. She was about to come and I tugged again, harder, on her breast. I guided her excited pussy to my face. She, of course, had stopped moving as she found nothing to grind against. "Don't stop," I commanded as her wet flesh discovered my chin. Her wetness flowed down my neck. She came with her fingers clutching my curls and her clit thrust against my face.

My own desire was on fire. When she collapsed against me I spanked her ass as hard as I could to alleviate some of the tension surging through my own body. "Two more to go."

Zrie could barely catch her breath when she began fingering herself again. I was squirming with passion and forced myself to sink into the chair while she swayed back and forth above my lap. She was still modest about pressing herself against me. The nails of my clenched fists dug into my palms, and I wondered if she had any inkling about the true potential of my fingers. "What are you thinking of?" I asked, and resumed spanking her, harder.

My hand began to sting from its force against her butt. I longed to hold her, if only for a moment, so I lifted her abruptly from my lap and rose to secure my riding crop. She fell against the chair and was still trying to collect herself by the time I returned with my whip. It was one of my favorites. The black leather was stiffly waxed and snaked quite elegantly around a springy yet stiff rod. I stood in front of Zrie, softly testing its smart against my own forearm. She too became preoccupied by its imminence.

"Two more," I was forced to remind her by flicking her tits with my toy. She twisted away from the pain but my wrists were agile. I whipped her fearful nipples into ruby-hard gems. In return, Zrie made delicate whimpering sounds and stroked her swollen clit. "What are you thinking of?" I demanded, letting the crop travel the length of her belly.

"Nothing," she replied.

"Are you a practitioner of the nothing religion?" I said.

She smiled at my remark, and for that I let the whip down hard against the back of her hand. She had let her fingers idle.

Her look was so pleading, that I offered: "Show me what you do to come, tell my what you think of to come. You may have my boot if it helps." I placed my foot upon the chair for her to rub against. I quickly changed the look of shame on her face to one of pain by soundly whipping her chest and shoulders.

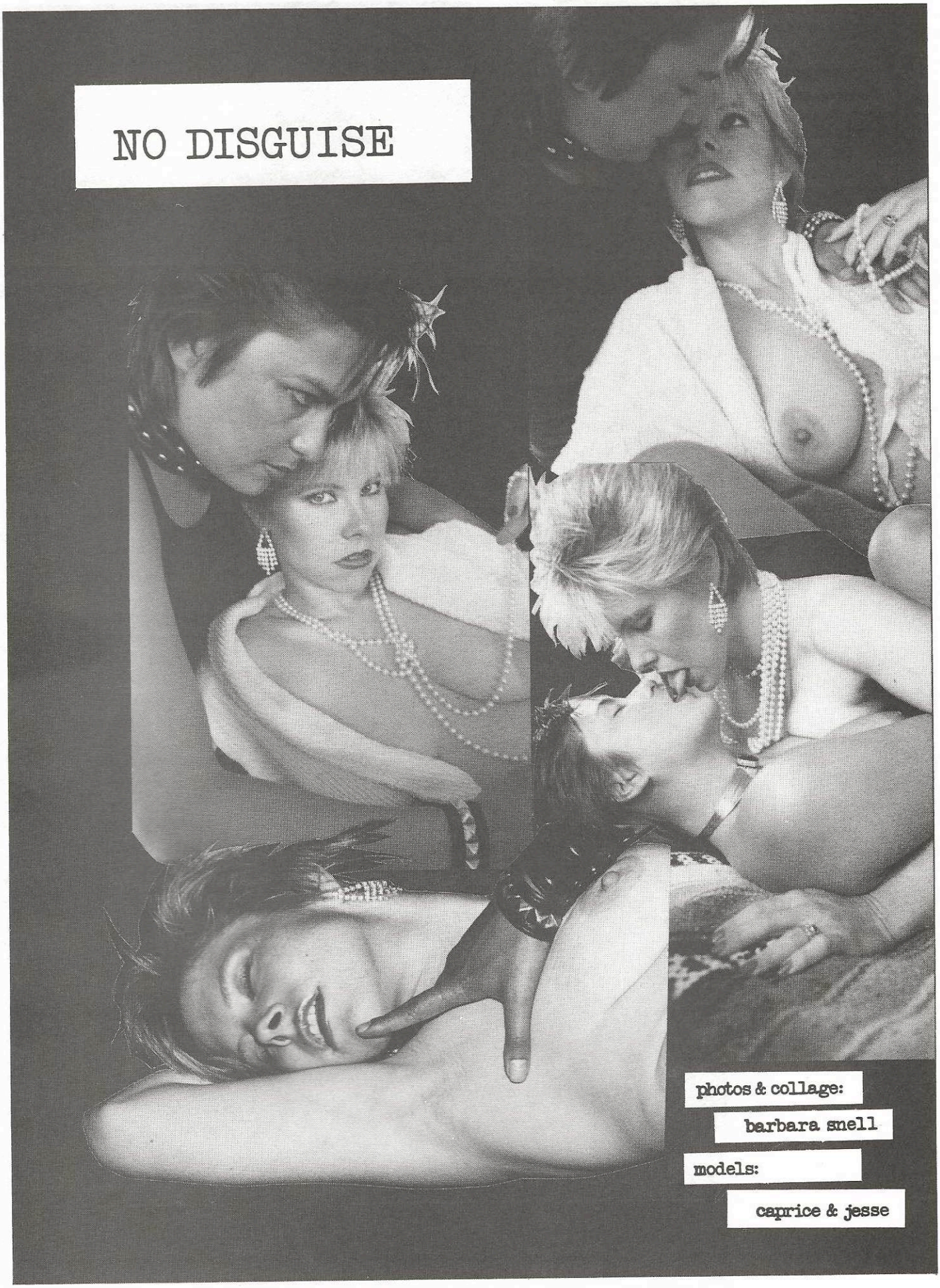
"I do not know, Master," she cried. "Here. I am thinking about here. But I do not want to be here. When I think of that I cannot go on, and if I cannot go on I have to hurt myself, and I am frightened so I do not know what to think of." I was delighted by her confessions.

"It hurts when you do that!" she said as I let the crop meet the soft flesh of her parted thighs. "I will think about the beach — I like the ocean." But her fingers slowed so I knew she did not like the ocean enough. She knew it, too: "I will think about someone holding me." And as she said this she almost cried. I wanted to hold her so badly then that I almost cried, too, but instead I changed the angle of my foot so that it pressed even more against her dripping flesh.

"Someone is holding me. It is safe and warm." She said this loud and fast to block me out. "They are rocking me in their arms. They tell me I am so beautiful. They are

(continued on page 41)

NO DISGUISE



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barbara snell

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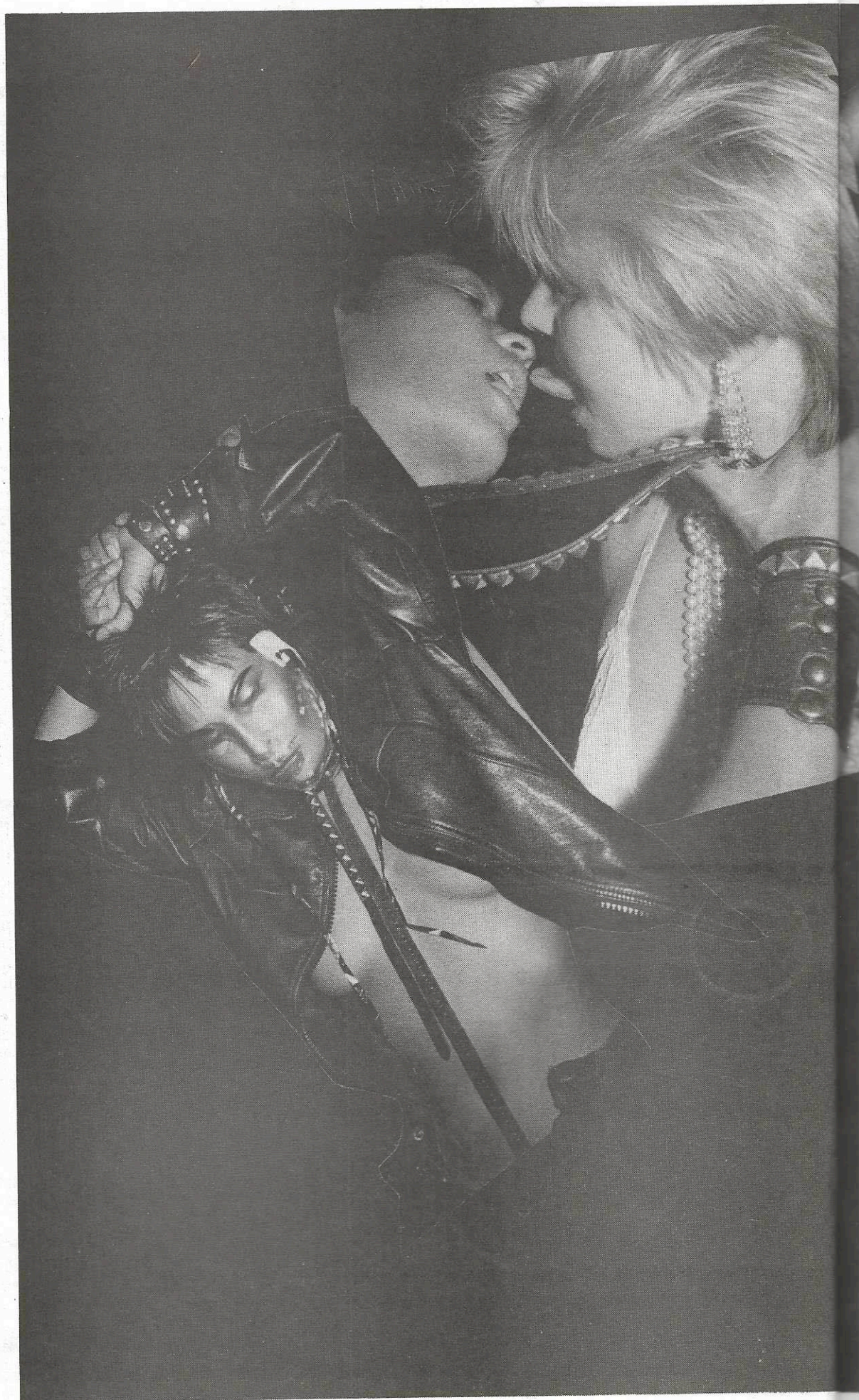
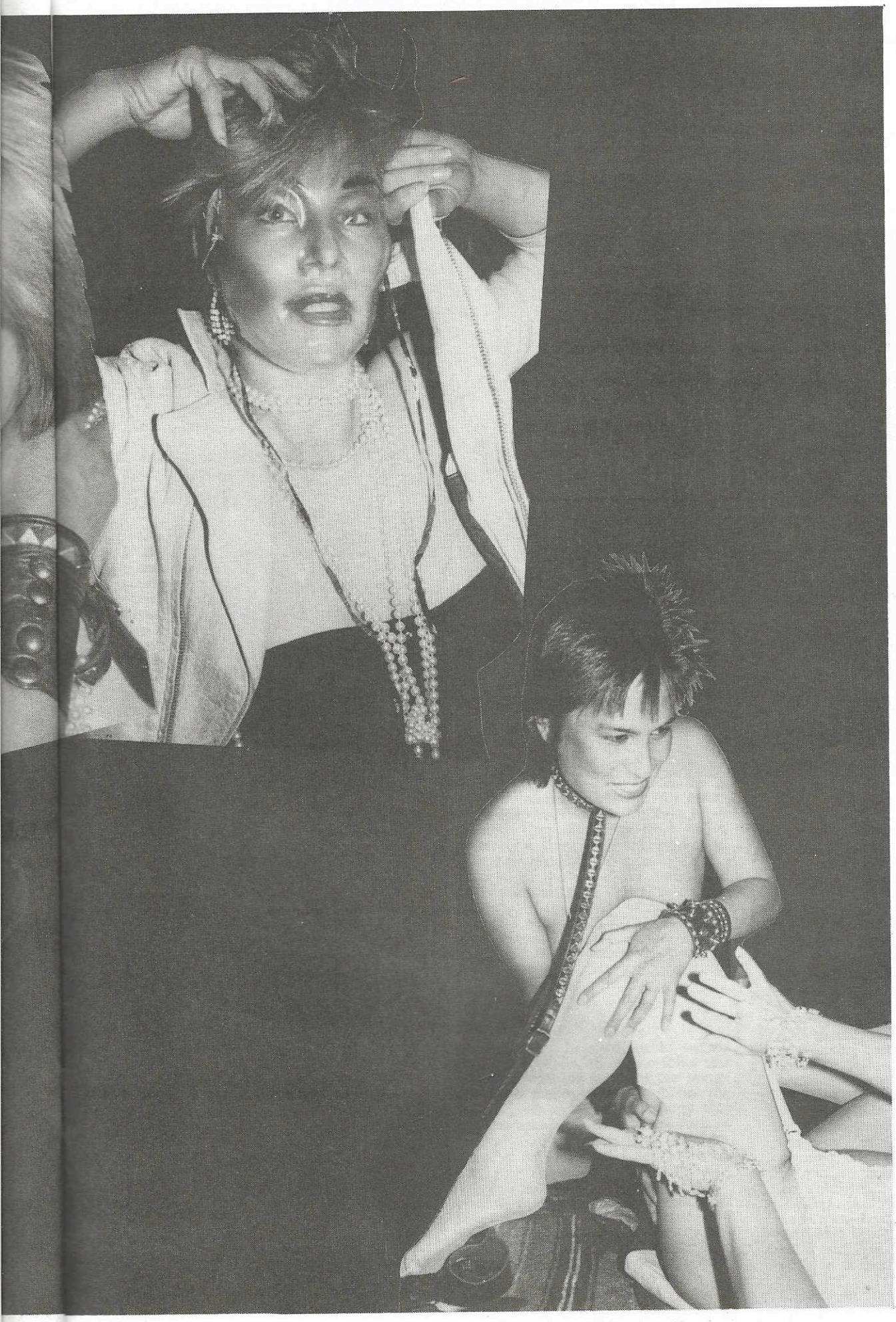
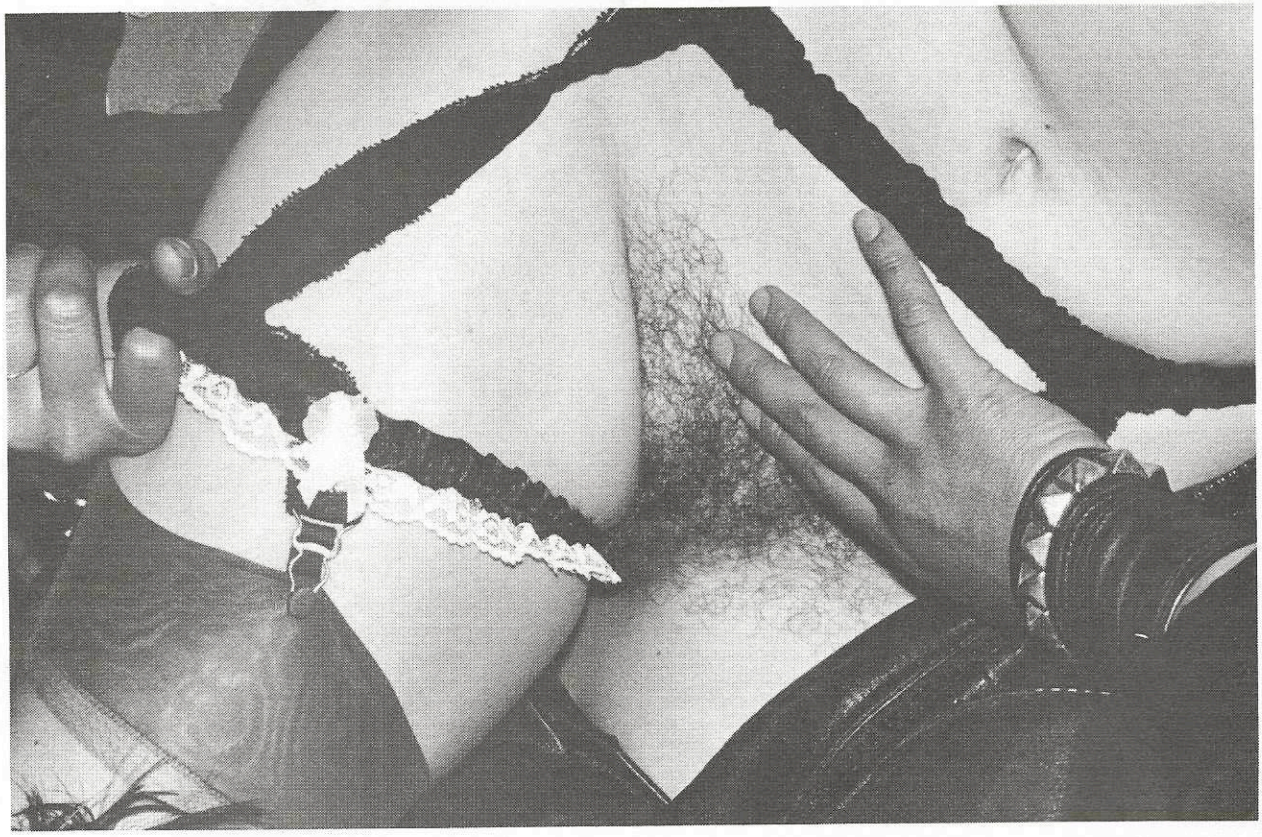
caprice & jesse







BIZARRO IN LOVE
Jan Stafford,
A Cheap Shots Publication,
1986
573 Chenery Street
San Francisco, CA 94131
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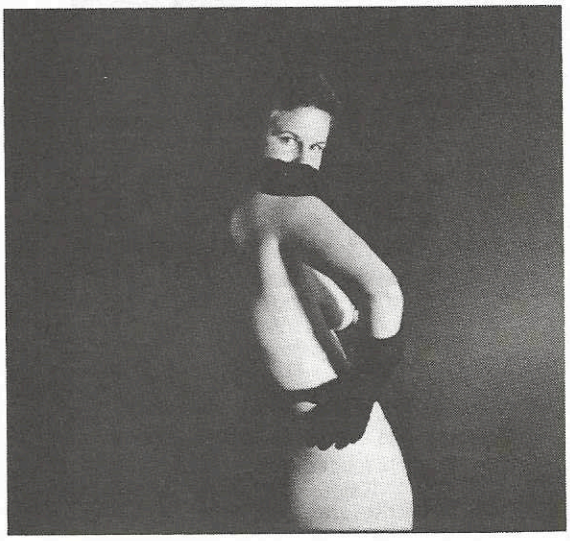
THE LEADING EDGE
AN ANTHOLOGY OF LESBIAN SEXUAL FICTION
Edited by Lady Winston, intro by Pat Califia.
Lace Publications, 1987
$9.95



Jan Blair

Bizarro in Love

Oh Gadz, how do you review lezzo erotica? One gal's pleasure might put another gal right to sleep. And how do you review delicately so as not to reveal or promote one's own particular delights at the expense of others? Ah, the woes of a reviewer....

I took both *The Leading Edge* and *Bizarro in Love* with me to my mother's house on my summer vacation, thinking they might come in handy (no puns here). Just the reading material I felt I needed to take my mind away from the homo-claustrophobia of a tiny California beach town.

Bizarro in Love was my first selection. Described as "trash poking fun at trash" by author Jan Stafford, Bizarro stars a crazy character not usually found in lesbian erotica. Bebe Ziarro, a.k.a. Bizarro, is a sports writer for the *Bay Sun*, a former world class hurdler, and an adventurer. She has a wry, dry, quirky sense of humor. But most of all she is in love (obsessed, I'd call it) with a married woman. This scenario sets the stage for the novelette which consists of various chapters of fantastic, orgasmic romps, written in the form of erotica that she creates for her "beloved."

What works about *Bizarro in Love* is its absolute outrageousness. Bizarro makes it in elevators, with a famous Russian tennis champ in the showers post-game, in a three-way with her beloved and Monica (a megamillionaire) in Monica's San Francisco penthouse. She also gets it in a hotel in Puerto Rico with a lithe tourist, and in her dreams with a virginal Southern belle cheerleader. These kinds of crazy set-ups dashed with oddball humor and virtual non-stop sex help make *Bizarro* a fresh daisy in the sometimes dry landscape of lesbian erotica. There's an air of parody in the stuff that makes it far more palpable than erotica that takes itself too seriously.

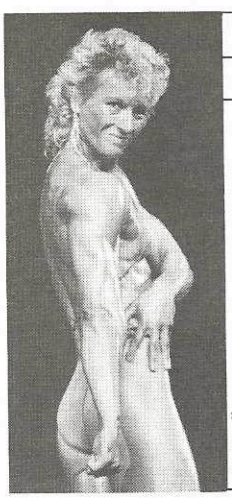
As for the sex — dished up on nearly every page — it's varied in style but leans towards the "fill-'er-up, pump-her-over" type. Delicate types or those that shy away from heavy penetration may find themselves in over their heads, so to speak. I got a bit tired of the same old nouns and adjectives ("buzzed," "hit," "box"), but then that's the kind of gal I am. (There, I told you.) Those seeking adventure and escape, however, will no doubt find it between Bizarro's covers.

The Leading Edge comes to us via Lace Publications, the same folks that deserve credit for much of the sexual lesbian literature that's out on the shelves. It's a varied anthology that includes many known writers, such as Regine Sands, Chocolate Waters, Dorothy Allison, and Cheryl Clarke, alongside others of less published stature. It's billed as "sexual fiction" — not erotica — and that description fit my experience in reading it. *The Leading Edge* is full of fiction and poetry about lesbian sex, lotsa kinds, lotsa ways, but is it erotic? I found some of it interesting, some appealing, some boring, some annoying, but not too much of it erotic. But if you like reading about sex, it's a reasonable way to get "good bits" without the struggle of sifting through shlocky lesbian romances to find it.

Those who have a range of sexual tastes will find something to gnaw on here, from Noretta Koertge's camp counselors' innocent lakeside seduction, to the more elaborate airplane fantasy from "Travels with Diana Hunter," to Dorothy Allison's alien "Predators," whose earthy pursuits include the capture of a hard-edged leather dyke. Ann Allen Shockley presents a well written story, "The Mistress and the Slave Girl," showing a scene from Civil War days not often found in our history books. Yet some of the pieces are shakily written, especially the poetry, in need of refinement and work, and the illustrations are comic bookish and naive.

I found Pat Califia's introduction to the anthology a high point of the collection. In her analysis of the lesbian-feminist response to lesbian pornography, Califia's background as one of the earliest and most public lesbian sexual outlaws brings clarity and bite to her pro-porn argument. Taking a less than reverent look at the feminist movement's attitudes about sex, Califia comes up with razor sharp retorts to a philosophy she sees as repressive and homophobic, one in which individual sexual desires are placed in conflict with the good of the movement. It's a highly political piece, giving clear examples from *The Leading Edge*'s short stories, which are sexual yet subversive. Califia draws the bottom line with a sharp aside to feminists who want to gag writers of lusty lesbian lit: "...if you don't like to read about pussy, maybe you don't like pussy and you should be lickin' something else." Above all the rest in *The Leading Edge*, I recommend this introduction for people on both sides of the lesbian porn debates.

After reading both books, *Bizarro* and *The Leading Edge*, I have to confess I remain loyal to Anais Nin's collection, *The Delta of Venus*. Some of it is cliche, yes, there is only one



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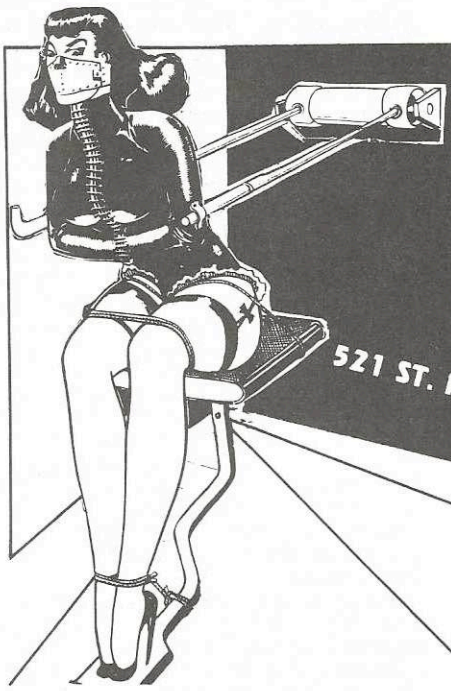

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lesbian scene, yes, it is flowery and poetic, and yes, it's woman-passive. But the gal was writing for a dollar a page and she knew how to create intrigue and atmosphere and characters that were interesting and horny at the same time. I'm still hanging out for lesbian stuff that compares. But, hey, who knows what you're hanging out for?

— L. Rafkin

EPICENE
Chris Bearchell, Editorial Coordinator
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When political and financial strains led Canada's *Body Politic* to close shop last year, lesbians and gay men lamented the loss of one of the preeminent gay periodicals of North America, if not the world. The monthly magazine was a beacon of intelligent, incisive writing about gay politics and culture for 15 years. But now, out of the ashes of the old *Body Politic,* comes *Epicene*: a bold, monthly tabloid that combines the best of the *Body Politic* — intelligent political and social commentary — with an 80s sensibility — greater emphasis upon arts and lifestyle coverage.

On first glance, *Epicene* looks something like *Tiger Beat* turned gay. Photos of a rising lesbian new wave musician from Toronto and from the film *Prick Up Your Ears* adorn the cover of the second issue, alongside an image of a Zuni man-woman. Inside there is news of particular interest to Canadian lesbians and gays (an anti-porn bill, the Toronto baths), as well as news of the world beyond (Gays in Cuba and a safe sex guide). But these are almost overshadowed by the extensive arts coverage, which features some fun, well-written pieces about Andy Warhol, London fashion, and recent gay-oriented film and record releases.

In contrast to the heady intellectualism of much of the old *Body Politic,* this magazine is snappier, easier to read, and less politically focused without being apolitical. And (could this be a first for a mixed gay publication?) there's quite a bit of male *and* female nudity scattered throughout — testimony, perhaps to a growing interest in sex and sexual images among lesbians in the 1980s.

Sure, gay male concerns predominate, as do local Canadian issues. But there's more than enough here to engage the interests of lesbians, as well as Canada's southern gay neighbors of either gender. With its unique mixture of news and entertainment, and its spiffy package, there's no magazine quite like this one in the United States.

— Arlene Stein

TRAFFIC STOP *(continued from page 22)*

spying a real possibility. But neither of us cared.

The setting sun slitted black and gold across the bed. The match stick blinds fluttered with every tiny breeze.

I stared at the smooth, patternless blanket without blinking and, before my eyes, a heat wavy picture of our bodies appeared. We were meshing and spiraling to an intense climax, our mouths and eyes not able to absorb enough of each other.

But then it changed and we were standing apart from each other. I felt warm and enclosed, my clothes were too heavy for my skin. I quietly slipped them from my body. She stood near the window, cupping a breast with one hand and drawing her skirt up with the other.

She closed her eyes and pointed to the bed. I obeyed without a second thought. I stretched out across the linen and watched her slowly peel the shift of print from her waist. It fell to her bare feet but she didn't step out of it. She let it lay there, evidence of her private showing for me.

She had chosen a particularly brief bit of lace as her panty that day. The lace was so intricate and wide a pattern that I could see she was clean shaven. She tugged on the front of the panty and pulled it tightly across her cunt until it was just a sliver of lace. Her moist cunt lips parted and sipped in the lace. Her finger reached around and found her clit. She ran a tapered nail down along the lace thong, letting out a tiny moan as she darted her finger into herself. I watched her please herself.

We guided ourselves by thick sexual smells. I wanted to taste her, to hear her voice, husky with passion, call my name. I dropped to my knees and moved slowly to meet her, guided only by my nose. I could hear her breath rake hoarsely into her lungs as she anticipated my approach. I felt the tickle of her hair on my back as she leaned over to meet my lips.

Then suddenly, and rudely, something loud and invading shook me from my dream. I looked down and saw I was nearly face down into the steering wheel. I was leaning heavily onto the horn. The drivers ahead of me had already started to gesture their opinions. I shot a quick look over to where I last saw her standing.

She was gone. But where? Was she still around?

I wanted to see her once more, to complete the picture I had to sketch in for myself. I wanted to memorize her every detail.

"Damn!" I shouted suddenly, scanning up and across the street. I was hip deep in my own fantasy with no paddle to get out. I thought crazily for a moment to blast my horn for her but this time my hand knew better.

I looked around and noticed that I had driven at least two blocks. How and when I did not know. I adjusted my rear view mirror. There she was. Talking into the phone and ignoring the wind whipping her hair around her like a black tornado, she stood not two car lengths away.

But still she did not turn around. Her back was still a marvel of symmetry and grace, but I was not satisfied with just that. I wanted more.

She shifted her weight to one curvaceous hip and cocked her head onto her shoulder. She was going to be on that phone. The traffic ahead of me finally cleared and I was getting a steady stream of requests to pull ahead.

"No, not yet," I whined, reluctantly inching forward.

"One more blast. Just to see what she does," said my hand the second before it leaned into the horn.

She didn't turn around.

I shifted and pulled my van ahead, keeping pace with the evening flow.

Red light... traffic stopped again.

"Don't look back," I told myself and closed my eyes.

But my hand found my jean seam and I was in that small room again. Only in my fantasy was my timing perfect.

Her tanned breasts had waited for my touch. They were high and firm and lusciously small. Her cocoa brown nipples rose hard between the gaps of rippling silk in her blouse. Her unbuttoned shirt lifted and parted, and I fixed my eyes on the glowing valley of her tanned skin. Her breasts were a tempting target under her blouse and I was just about to reach for them when, as if reading my mind, she shrugged off the garment. It, of course, fell away obediently. Her nipples thrust themselves impatiently into the cool air, searching for the warm rescue of my mouth. She turned her lovely face to the light and smiled, gazing at me, willing me to explore her. I drew in a deep breath and stood up. She held out her hand and I enveloped it with my two. I stood there at arm's length. Then I stepped into her circle of heat and reached around to her hair. I eased my fingers slowly down her back and paused for a beat at the rise of her soft ass.

I pulled her into me. Her lips parts slightly and a rush of unexpected air sped past her mouth as her nipples met mine. Her strange scent filled my head; it was something I could not identify. Whatever it was had rooted itself well within my olfactory memory. I doubted it I'd ever smell it again, if I did...?

"What?!" I muttered sleepily.

Again, I had been rudely jolted to this earth.

"Don't Walk" flashed insistently. The yellow light was just a click away.

"Maybe I could pretend I was stalled, then I could...." I thought. Then I beat the light and didn't look back... not until I was another block away.

My fantasy had hung up the phone and... damn if she wasn't walking back the way she came.

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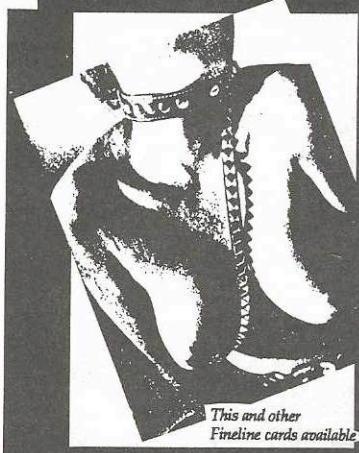

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OASIS *(continued from page 21)*

outfit, and walked over to the hot tub, which was surrounded by adobe walls painted that same cool blue. I gently put my body down into the soothing warm water and closed my eyes. I was glad it was not too hot. I do not like water when it is too hot on my skin.

I don't remember how long it was I lay there, floating mindlessly in the water, my eyes closed shut against the world, my mind shut down to the irritations and sorrows of my life. Gradually, I became aware of a change in the water temperature. It was getting hotter. I opened my eyes to see Ruth sitting on a chair directly in front of me. She was so close to me, I was surprised I hadn't sensed her presence earlier. She just looked at me, and I noticed that her eyes had a strange golden glint mixed with the common dark brown color. Her hand was close to the temperature gauge. "Is it hot enough for you yet?" she asked, with a laugh in her voice. A voice that sounded like desert grit and yellow cactus blossoms and something else, something I had never experienced before.

"It's too hot for me. I like it cooler," I said.

"Well, I think you need it hotter. Just leave it to Ruthie, she'll take care of you." Her hand turned the dial up. I wanted to reach out and turn it down, but my body could not move. I don't know how much hotter she made it, only that my body seemed to have lost any ability to move itself. I lay there and felt helpless before Ruth and her golden brown eyes.

"It will be cooler if you take your shirt off," she said.

"I don't get naked in front of people," I replied. Who the hell did this woman, this motel manager, think she was anyway? But her hand slipped down and began to unbutton my shirt. Her fingers felt cool and sure of themselves. I could not resist. Her hand pushed aside my shirt, grazing my nipples and that vulnerable place just above and between my breasts. She sat back in her chair, smiling and watching me.

"I like how you look when you're hot, honey. You remind me of women I knew in the tropics a long time ago. Except you're just not hot enough yet," and with this she turned up the hot tub even higher.

"Now take your pants off." This time I heard in her voice no semblance of request, but all command. My hands moved of themselves; I swear I did not want to do it. I had never been with a woman before and this seemed an odd way to begin. But I pushed the shorts off my legs. "Now open your legs, sweetheart. Let me see what you've been trying to hide from old Ruthie."

This was too much for me. She had pushed me too far this time. I clenched my legs tight, using all the will I had at my command.

Ruth looked at me, for a long

moment, then slowly removed her clothing. Without her clothes, I thought she would look less intimidating, but in fact her nakedness was alive with command. Her body was that of a woman in her sixties. It showed evidence of some of the places she had been. One of her breasts was missing, and above the place where it would have been was the tattoo of a snake. I have always been afraid of snakes. The tattoo fascinated me so much I barely noticed the change in expression that moved across Ruth's face until it was solidly at home there. Her hand moved to turn on the jets which sent hard streams of water from several openings arond the tub. She moved closer to me, put her hands on my knees and pulled apart my legs, until I was totally open to her. "You will open up to me because I know what is best for you now, in this place. You will give me everything I want from you, and then I will give you something in return." With this, she forced my legs apart and positioned my body so that one of the hard streams of water was directed at my cunt, striking my clitoris with a maddening force.

I gasped for breath, for sanity in this madness. Who was this woman and why was she doing this to me, making me do things I had never even thought of before? Why did it feel so good? Perhaps she did know what was best for me. I began to yield to her. She kept me in this position for a long time, running her hands up and down my thighs, occasionally touching my nipples lightly with her fingers, then pressing them hard between her finger and thumb. Mesmerized, I could do nothing. Meanwhile, the tension from my clitoris was growing stronger.

Suddenly Ruth shut down the jets, leaving me just on the edge of an orgasm. "Wait here, honey, I have a surprise for you."

She left. Presumably this was an opportunity for me to escape, get out of the tub, grab my clothes, run like hell. But I did not leave. I like to tell myself I could have left then, if I had wanted to. Surely if I had known what Ruth's surprise was I would have left and never looked back. Thus are lives determined, by the smallest of choices.

When Ruth returned she was not alone. In her large brown hands she carried a large snake, brown with golden highlights which shone against the deep tan of Ruth's hands. The snake's tongue danced, darting here and there. My heart sunk in my chest. Here was my defeat, I knew, my defeat in the hands of this strange woman. My terror would take over, and I would be helpless.

"Don't be afraid, baby, this snake's a friend of mine. But you're going to have to come out of the water to make her acquaintance," she whispered to me. Putting the snake down, she pulled me out of the water and lay me on the rubber mat near the tub. She stroked my belly and legs. The snake crawled towards me. Her hands moved around my inner thighs and the snake began to move around my ankles. "No, no, please," I cried. "I'll do anything you want me to do. Just keep that horrible snake away from me." But Ruth turned on me with her own snakelike expression. "You will do everything I want anyway, and Snake also deserves her pleasure." At that moment, the snake darted her tongue and grazed my thigh. She wrapped herself around me, tight then loosening, tight then loosening, in an almost human rhythm. I heard the pounding of my own heart. Ruth's hands reached for my cunt, and her hands played deftly at the edges of my vagina, never entering me, but only hovering there at the edge, occasionally touching my clit. It was on fire. Snake moved closer to my cunt, slithering slowly around my thighs, moving over Ruthie's busy hands. "No, no," I cried. But my body wanted to be touched, needed to be touched, and by this time, whether it was by Ruth or Snake, it didn't seem to matter. I lay on the ground, totally at the will of a golden snake, a woman with golden eyes. They knew me, knew all my secrets, and would use them against me. Snake reached my cunt, tightening, loosening. My hands reached down to stop her, but Ruth grabbed my wrists and bound them with a thin leather thong.

"Sometimes Snake doesn't like to be touched, sweet one, just like sometimes you don't like to be touched. I wouldn't want you to make her angry just now. She might bite you. Let's give her something to sweeten her up," Ruth said. With this she poured a cup of honey around and into my cunt. The honey had been warmed by the sun and felt a little hot and stinging on my most sensitive areas. Snake loved the honey. She pushed herself deep into me, darting her forked tongue here and there as she went, moving the rough cold scales against my clitoris. I screamed and writhed, terrified and electrified by this intense moving penetration of myself. Ruth kissed my mouth and nipples, stroking me to calm me, but she would not pull the snake away from me. Terror and sexual desire, one seemed to feed the other, just as my cunt was feeding the snake.

If only Ruth had let the snake finish me. But that was not her plan for this full moon evening. She saw that I could not go on much longer without release. She pulled Snake away from me and led me to the pool, next to the hot tub again. The water felt so good on my hot body. "Time to cool down, honey," she said. She poured cold water over my head, all the while biting my nipples, taking large and more painful bites. She reminded me of Snake, the way her head had darted back and forth, slithering, as she pushed and prodded me, until my body was cooled. Yet my sex was even more desperate for orgasm. I begged

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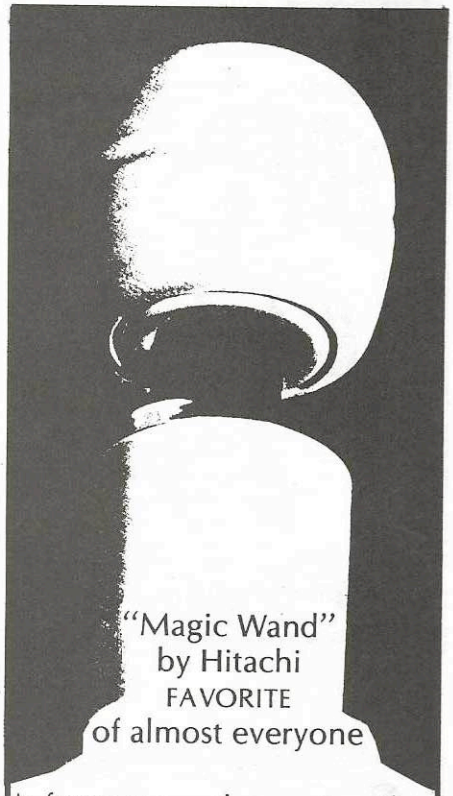

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her with my eyes. "Looks aren't enough for you, my little closed leg friend. I need to hear what you want from me," she insisted.

I said the words. "I need you to make love to me. Fuck me with your hands and your mouth, take me down somewhere deep, let me go. Please take me."

Ruth smiled. "I will take you, maybe later, or maybe not. Just now your mouth has its own assignment. Such a fine mouth, I know what it is made for. Maybe your mouth will take your mind off your burning honey cunt, that cunt with all its secrets!" With this, she stepped above my face and thrust her vulva onto my mouth. My tongue worked her endlessly, arousing her to climax. Then she removed herself quickly, dipped into the water, and swam around a little while I sat there, in the shallow end, my hands tied, the water tightening the bond, my mouth sore and tired, cunt pounding, pleading for some oasis of satisfaction.

"Let's get out of this water now," she said gruffly, and led me into the room behind her office. It was not a bare room at all, like the room I had been given, but was decorated with skulls of animals, bones, feathers, snakeskin. There were mirrors everywhere. She took me to the largest mirror and made me look into it. I tried to turn my head away but couldn't. I expected to find a humiliated and bound woman, defeated, but what I saw pushed the limits of my own beliefs. The woman in the mirror wore deep dark clothing with streaks of bright red running through it. Her hair was cut very short and had long strips of white in it. Her eyes were full of laughter.

Ruth pulled me away from my reflection and told me to get on the bed. "Touch yourself now, give yourself pleasure until you come. I want to watch you." She paused. "I want to watch you many times before this night is through." She unbound my hands. I began to do as she insisted. I touched my clitoris, sometimes raising my legs high so she could get a better look. Sometimes I turned over on my belly, and as I brought myself to orgasm she scratched my back with her fingernails. At last, she bound my hands to the bed while she took me to herself, for herself, with no thought of my own feelings or needs. Her mouth claimed my body for her own.

I woke, late morning, in my own room at the motel. I don't know how I got there. I imagined I dreamed it all. I had been so hot and frustrated earlier. I dressed and felt a certain languidity in my body I could not remember having before. It must be due to the overexposure to the desert heat.

When I took the keys down to Ruth, the golden snake was curled up by her hand. She looked at me. "You will return to me. Until then, I want you to wear this." She wrapped a leather thong around my left wrist.

"Sometimes," she said, "this wrist cord will begin to tingle and send sharp currents through your body until they reach your clitoris. You will want me. You will know I am calling you. You will recall the hot tub, the honey, and Snake, and you will come back to me in your mind. I will once again hold you in my hands, and you will come, coming to me." Her special knot could not be untied.

That evening, the desert far behind me, I felt as if it had all been a hallucination, an oasis whose address I would never be able to find again. But then my right hand would touch my left, and I would feel the leather, the unbreakable bond. I thought of how I looked in Ruth's mirror, and the snake I had at first been so terrified of. Deep in the night, as I drove, I could hear the sound of a snake's rattle following me right into the center of my own home. Was it coming to bring me an oasis, or was it bringing fear and disruption? I did not know.

Sometimes the leather on my wrist aches. Sometimes, like today, when it's cold and damp, the leather begins to tingle on my wrist, to heat my body up. Like now, when I must find somewhere quiet, private, to answer Ruth's summons. Did you want to come with me? Did you want to watch me like Ruth did, while I make love to myself? Come then ... but I warn you, you may be changed forever. •

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 10)*

varied shaped, sizes, ages and abilities, then maybe *all* women are equally deserving.

Those women now dieting, dying, cutting, implanting, and waiting — and accepting less than they want — might be "good enough" without the effort. If this culture were forced to recognize that women are deserving, sex would never be the same. Women would no longer "love too much," "love men who hate women," and wait around to be the "women men leave." Lesbians are the "women who have already left" and are consequently the "women men love to hate." So we are an ugly bunch, for all the *right* reasons.

In other words, as offensive as it is to have our passion for each other "explained away" by the sterotype of a wallflower, it is a short-sighted strategy to argue that we look just look like the TV model of the straight girl next door. I prefer to accept that, on the whole, we *are* "too fat," "too hairy," "too old," "too dark," "too strong," "too demanding" — in short, too much.

In fact, maybe dykes are as a group less commercially pretty than blatantly straight women. This is a shock? This we should find offensive? Who ever said lesbians wanted to model ourselves on Vanna White?

On the other hand, it would be nice if we could infiltrate the commercial aesthetic sufficiently that I could *strut* down the sidewalk, even in the suburbs. •

ZRIE *(continued from page 30)*

beautiful, too. I hug them back. We are squished together. They have breasts — larger than mine. I touch them. I am wearing a beautiful robe. She unties it and strokes my neck." Zrie was crying now. I stopped whipping her and allowed the rhythms she made against my boot to travel throughout my body.

I touched Zrie's beautiful head and nestled it against my thigh. I gently touched her soft ear with my finger as she pushed and pushed and pushed against the thick skin of my boot. I could tell she was as close to coming as I. "Bring it to me," I ordered her. She grabbed my hand, the one that brushed tenderly against her skin, and pulled me down so that my fingers sank between her wanting lips. She came against my knuckle, rather than my leather, which she had left gleaming from her passion.

I was so very proud of her. I knelt down, wrapped my arms around her and whispered softly, "One more — or the candle." She did not want to hear this. She clutched my wrist and another tear rolled from her eye.

I stepped back and shoved her thighs apart. My crop came down once more on her soft wet flesh. She fought to get free but I told myself not to relent until she began again. She did not want to open her legs for the pain of my whip and so she huddled and cried. Angry at her weakness, I yelled at her to go get the candle.

She just lay there and cried. I put down the crop and cupped her young face in my hands. I kissed her gently on the nose and reminded her, "One more or the candle." I smiled at her, because I knew that whichever she chose, I would enjoy it.

Zrie reached her small arms around me. Her body was moist with sweat and I wanted to lick her clean. But I forced open her arms and left her for the candle. I handed her the holder and motioned that I wanted to sit in my chair. She got up, but her body trembled and I could tell the force of her last orgasm still overpowered her. I clenched my teeth against my own desire. "You have to do the entire candle."

"What?" she cried, not at all as a slave ought to.

"The entire candle. You must let the entire candle melt all over your pathetic parts that are too selfish to give themselves to their master." Sometimes I am proud of my elegance. "On the table so as not to make such a mess."

Zrie placed the candle on the table and came back to my chair. She had welts all over and puffy eyes from crying, but she was still so beautiful.

"One more time," she said, and gave a weak smile as she crawled into my lap.

"One more time — at least," I whispered, and wrapped my hungry fingers around her breast. •

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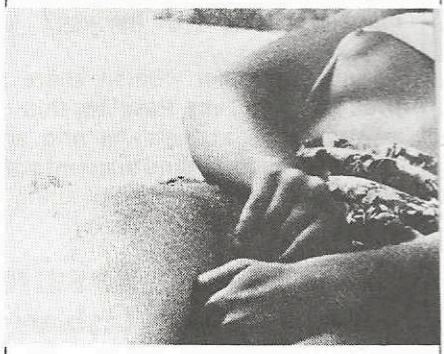

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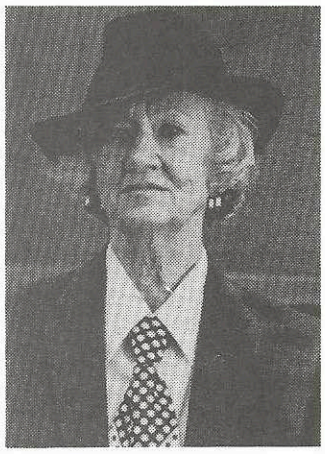

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SAFE SEX *(continued from page 14)*

state before the long term symptoms begin. Cathy's first symptoms may have represented this stage of the illness.

The *Annals* report stated that Cathy had had "digital and oral contact" with [Jill's] menses, and both women had vaginal bleeding as a result of traumatic sexual activities." In short, they were doing what a lot of lesbians do when they make love. (No, it's not just S/M activities that can be "traumatic"; I can't be the only woman on earth who has had my insides accidentally scratched by an ardent lover's fingernail!)

Okay. So it happened once. How likely is it that lesbian AIDS transmission could ever happen again?

First of all, some good news. If your partners are women, they are less likely to have the AIDS virus than if they are men, because in this country there are far fewer AIDS cases in women than in men. But as a worldwide epidemic, AIDS is largely a heterosexual disease, affecting women and men in equal numbers. In the U.S., it has occurred mostly in gay men and in intravenous drug users. Only 7% of the reported cases so far have been in women.

However, the bad news is women are the fastest growing group of people with AIDS. We must remember that this disease has a long incubation period — averaging about five years — and that many people who have no symptoms at all may be carrying the virus and can pass it on to their sex partners. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) uses the formula that there are roughly 40 infected AIDS virus carriers for every reported case of AIDS.

WHO WOMEN WITH AIDS ARE

Most of the women with AIDS so far have been intravenous drug users or the sex partners of men who used intravenous drugs. In statistical data, male cases are usually separated into "gay and bisexual" or "heterosexual" categories. Women are lumped together as though we all were heterosexual.

The determined investigator can pry into the innards of the CDC computer to find out more. I put in a call to the CDC last spring. With some difficulty — the doctor I spoke with could not understand why my question would be significant! — I extracted some unpublished information about lesbians and AIDS. Out of the more than 2,200 U.S. women who have been diagnosed with AIDS since 1981, 46 had reported sexual contact with women. In other words, 46 lesbian or bisexual women have had AIDS.

If we use the "40 infected people to 1 reported AIDS case" formula, we can roughly — *very* roughly — estimate that there could be about 1,840 lesbians in this country who

have the AIDS virus, and could pass it on to their lovers. Most infected people will eventually get sick.

Who are these women? Again, looking at the 46 lesbian or bisexual women who have had AIDS, we may be able to get a rough idea. According to the CDC, 36 of them were intravenous drug users who probably got the virus from a needle containing infected blood; four women reported heterosexual contact with men at risk for AIDS (generally, this means bisexual or IV drug using men); two had received contaminated blood transfusions in the the years before all donated blood was tested for AIDS virus antibodies; and two came from countries where heterosexual transmission plays a major role. (This means, usually, Haiti or somewhere in Central Africa. It implies that these women probably had sex with infected men in their home countries.)

The remaining two women had "unknown" risk factors. Generally, "unknown" can mean a number of things (for reasons of confidentiality, the CDC will not release specific information about any cases). Often, the person with AIDS refused to be interviewed, or she died before providing any information about high risk behavior. It may also refer to a woman who has had many male sex partners, none of whom she knew to be particularly "at risk."

HOW AIDS IS PASSED

Many sexually transmitted diseases seem to pass most easily from a man's penis to his receptive female or male partner; AIDS appears to be no exception. The amount of AIDS virus which has been found in vaginal secretions is usually less than the amount found in semen. Furthermore, the virus probably passes most easily when there is damage to the internal tissues, which can easily occur during anal intercourse. One study, involving 89 women who were sex partners of men with the AIDS virus infection, found that the women who had anal sex with these men were significantly more likely to contract the virus than women who had only vaginal and oral sex. But it is important to remember that 20% of *all* of these women — not just those who had anal sex became infected.

Anal sex is especially risky because the lining of the rectum is fragile and easily torn. Vaginal sex with a man can also be risky for a woman, and the virus has been passed that way in most cases of women who got AIDS from men.

However, we do know that the AIDS virus has been found in vaginal and cervical secretions, in blood (including menstrual blood), and in the tissues lining the vagina. That is why AIDS can be transmitted by women to men, through heterosexual vaginal intercourse. It is probably found most often in white blood cells, which can be especially profuse in the genital tract if a woman has a vaginal infection. Perhaps this is how Jill passed the AIDS virus to Cathy.

Does this mean that all sex is dangerous? Are we going to have to start going to bed all decked out in little rubber suits?

Thankfully, no. First of all, you can't get AIDS from sexual contact unless your partner is infected to begin with. Second, it's not that easy to get AIDS. The AIDS virus is not transmitted every time someone has vaginal or anal intercourse with an infected partner. Cases have been reported in which someone got the AIDS virus from having intercourse just once with an infected person; yet there are also case histories in which heterosexual couples had unprotected sex more than 200 times, and still the virus did not infect the healthy partner. It's not clear why this is so.

The AIDS virus must come into direct contact with the bloodstream in order to infect someone. It seems clear, from studies of thousands of family members and health care workers who came into close contact with AIDS patients, that saliva, tears, and sweat are not means of transmission. There are many kinds of touch, sexual and otherwise, that we never need worry about.

Finally, oral sex is probably less risky than anal or vaginal intercourse. Several studies of large groups of gay men show no association between fellatio and AIDS; in fact, a study done in Pittsburgh found that of 147 gay men who had only oral sex, none became infected with the AIDS virus.

It may be true that the virus is inactivated by enzymes in saliva and/or stomach acids. Since the mouth is less likely to be traumatized during oral sex, the virus has less opportunity to enter the bloodstream. The person receiving oral sex — the one gone down upon — would probably be at little risk of infection if his or her partner carried the virus. Saliva of infected people has been found to have little or no AIDS virus, and would not easily enter the bloodstream during sex.

We can't rule out the possibility of risk — especially if the person performing oral sex has bleeding gums or other mouth sores. In that case, infected vaginal fluids or menstrual blood might find a way into the bloodstream.

It seems logical that if one partner has any cuts on her hands, or even chapped skin or a rash, then the AIDS virus could enter her bloodstream when she touches her lover's vaginal secretions or menstrual blood. In fact, if the one with cut hands is the one who carries the virus, she could infect her lover this way, especially if there is any trauma to the vaginal walls.

What about kissing? Is nothing sacred?

Most doctors say that "dry" kissing is safe, while "French" kissing is "probably" safe. There are no known

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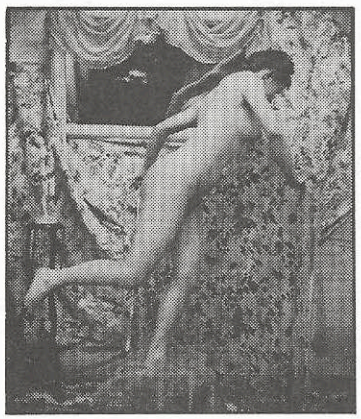

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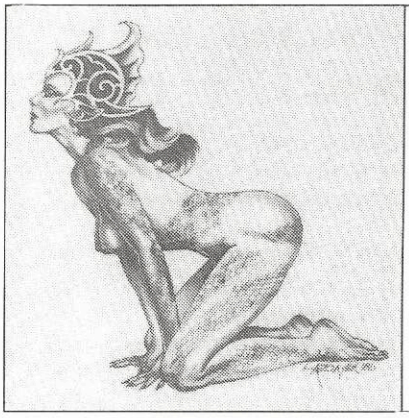

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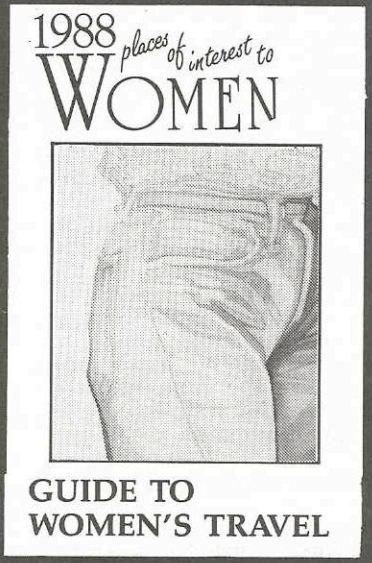

cases where AIDS was passed through kissing, but if one or both partners has bleeding gums or other mouth sores, the virus could get in. Still it wouldn't be easy. In fact, one test-tube study seemed to prove that an enzyme in saliva may actually inactivate the AIDS virus.

The experts seem to be advising us to kiss cautiously. Does this mean we must wrap our tongues and lips in plastic too? Well, it's probably not worth going to that extreme; but that's why Ann and Marie just brushed lips in the fantasy scene which opened this article. They were taking no chances!

WHAT IS SAFE SEX?

It's clear, then, that lesbian sex isn't the riskiest kind. But some of us may not be willing to take any risk at all.

Safe sex, with the proper accessories, is a healthy and enjoyable way to be sexually active. Latex dams (or dental dams) are thin barriers used for cunnilingus and analingus. Finger cots are individual rubber condom-ettes for finger fucking, and vinyl or latex gloves are for fisting or penetration that involves more than a couple of fingers.

In my home town of Philadelphia, fifth largest city in the U.S., there is not one dental supply store. I did find a distributor, and called to ask about prices and availability of dental dams.

When I told the Customer Service man I was doing research on safe sex products for cunnilingus, he didn't stop to blink. "I guess you'd want the five by five inch size," he said, "that's about $7.40 a box. They come in light, medium, or heavy weight; you'd want the medium." (I thought the light sounded more promising, myself.) But I'd have to go to New Jersey to buy them. So I didn't.

I did beg a box of dental dams from a dentist acquaintance, who was highly amused. He informed me that he rarely uses them for dental surgery himself, and has found that they very quickly become brittle with age.

Indeed, the ones he gave me tasted sort of dusty. The squares of limp, grey latex are not really very sexy, either. My friends Barbara and Donna tried them out and collapsed in giggles. "It does keep hair out of your nose, though," Barb reported.

The main problem is holding them in place. The product definitely needs some work. My friend Paul, who is also Paula the drag queen, had a great idea (he definitely knows more about women's underthings that I do): why not design a piece of latex on a G-string? You could make them hot colors, or even with leather and lace...surely *someone* will patent this idea.

Artemis Oakgrove, owner of Lace Publications, has another great idea for dams which she has put into practice. Stretch the dam in a small embroidery hoop (3"–4" diameter) and you will have an attractive and easy to use dam.

After all, the market is not lesbian-

limited. We should remember that heterosexuals do most of the things that lesbians do in bed! As an AIDS educator for our public health department, I've often been asked by men and women alike about protection for men who are going down on women. Said one lady, on hearing of the dental dams, "Well, it might take a little longer, but it'll still take you where you want to go!"

Which is true. Although the dams do cut down a bit on sensation, the warm wetness and the sense of pressure are still there. After all, many women can have orgasm right through their panties or even dungarees; why not latex?

The finger cots are not bad at all. Actually, they're adorable — they come all rolled up in a little circle, just like a condom for a finger. Medical or surgical supply stores carry them at about $5 for a gross, one size fits all. Latex gloves are about $10 or 100 and come in small, medium, or large sizes. Once they're on, the person being touched can't tell the difference; the person wearing them can almost forget they're there. Besides, as Barbara pointed out, the finger cots reduce "sharp nail problems," and also protect sore hangnails from the sting of lover's juices! (She sees a bright side to *everything*..)

PRACTICE SAFE SEX

How do we decide if safer sex is really necessary? Should we practice it with everyone, as is recommended for gay men and heterosexuals?

One woman, after reading an article I had written about Cathy and Jill, told me that she and her friends had been making a practice of avoiding any lesbian who has had sex with a man for the past seven years. That leaves out a lot of lesbians! A great many of us have had sex with at least one or two men since 1979, whether we admit it or not. Besides, if women can transmit the virus from one to another, then any lesbian who hasn't been celibate or monogamous since the AIDS virus first appeared (more like ten years ago) could be at risk!

Given what we've said about lesbian sex and the AIDS virus, the risk is small for women who haven't used intravenous drugs. But the virus seems to have been passed between women at least once. It *could* happen again.

Here's the rub: how many women, in the actual hour of passion, are *really* going to follow safer sex guidelines? Lovemaking sometimes has a way of sabotaging our better judgment. Though reason and fear may guide our plans and promises, when desire takes over, we may be ruled by denial instead: "*This* person is safe, I'm sure...just *this once* won't hurt...."

If we don't know anyone who has actually had AIDS, it's easy to pretend, as the heat rises, that it can never happen to us. Research shows that even among sexually active gay men, most of whom have already lost friends and lovers to AIDS, there are a significant number who do not follow safer sex guidelines. How much easier for lesbians, already a low risk group, to shed our caution as we shed our clothes!

So, let's be careful. If you know your lover is infected with the AIDS virus, or if you think she is at high risk because she used to share needles or her past boyfriend was a drug user or a bisexual man, then you should invest in dams, finger cots and gloves, and use them consistently.

If you don't know someone well enough to ask her about her risk factors, and to expect an honest answer, either don't go to bed with her, or use safe sex.

If you have intercourse with a man: always use condoms! That's what we tell heterosexuals, and it goes for lesbians too, even if sex with men is a rare occurrence for you.

What if you have been monogamous with a woman since 1979, and you'd rather make love in your naked skin, but you're worried about possible past contacts or needle use? This may be a situation to think about an AIDS antibody testing.

Those of us with gay male friends may be well aware of sentiment against The Test. It is understandable that a gay man, who may have a better than 50-50 chance of coming up positive, would rather not know; after all, he's probably going to have to continue following safer sex guidelines anyway. He and his partners are aware of their risks. Why suffer the emotional trauma of a possible positive result?

The vast majority of lesbians, and most bisexual women, are going to test negative. The antibody test will almost always show evidence of the AIDS virus infection by six months after exposure. To find out if you've been infected, do not exchange bodily fluids through sex or needle use, for six months. Then, get the test. Go to an anonymous or confidential test site, where pre- and post-test counseling is offered. Call your local Health Department or AIDS organization for a referral. You can also arrange to be tested through your own doctor.

There are often false positives, especially in women. Therefore, it is important not to panic if your test is positive. Be sure a follow-up test, called a Western blot, is done to rule out false positive results. Then, if you and your lover are both are negative, and are truly committed to long-term monogamy, you can skip the latex appliances.

Lesbian sex is not as dangerous as vaginal or anal intercourse with a man, but it makes sense to recognize that lesbians are not immune to AIDS, either. There are important steps women can take to protect ourselves and our lovers, *now*,, and we should consider them seriously.

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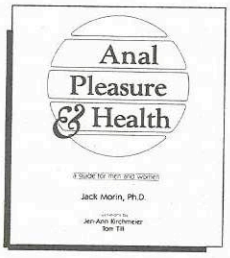

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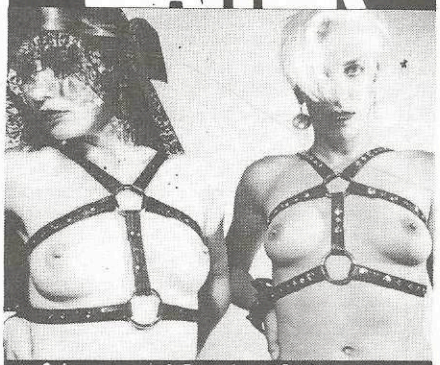

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Emily Kahn works as an AIDS educator for the City of Philadelphia Department of Public Health. She also writes a monthly advice column called "Dear Aunty Em" in *Labryinth*, Philadelphia's feminist newspaper; she does occasional features for the *Philadelphia Gay News*, and is an unpublished poet. **Barbara Snell** is a San Franciscanized Kentuckian. She is an intellect/progressive artist developing a second career in arts for the lesbian community. **Caprice** is a woman of many interests. She holds creativity and the quest for truths as sacred. **Jesse** is always in pursuit of "the American Dream," with visions of freedom and success as an enterpreneur and promise of security in old age. **Ann Wertheim** lives in L.A. She's always on the lookout for a good lesbian Daddy. In the meantime, she works away in a bookstore and tries to write fantasies to masturbate by. **Martha Courtot** admits to a lustful relationship with language. *The Oasis* is dedicated to the women in her political action group, with loving affection. **Zivi Karmil** loves to make art, take walks, and howl at the moon. She lives in California with a snake, two fish, two plants, various insects, and her beloved dyke. **Lisa White Eagle** is currently relighting the many fires in the bush she has encountered during her years in those strict girls' schools and finding much to fuel her erotica. **Arlene Stein** is a magazine junkie and freelance social critic whose life did not change as a result of the Harmonic Convergence. **Wendy Chapkis** is the author of *Beauty Secrets*, published by South End Press. **Kim Anno**, the illustrator of the *Oasis* title, is a painter who makes her living waiting tables and teaching. She lives in Oakland, California. **Gayle Rubin**, a veteran of the feminist sex wars, has written on feminist theory, sexual politics, and lesbian history. **Joe D. Pulido**, 37 years old, is a born again freelance people snapshooter, a native San Franciscan, an active member in the gender community, and has been a Buddhist for 20 years. **Penny Jerome** was our cover photographer for the Spring '87 issue, and is an Idaho native. **Jill Posener** snapped Susie Sexpert for our last issue, and is working on a *Dirty Girls Guide to London*. She is the author of *Spray It Loud* and *Louder Than Words*. **Sarita Johnson** has just been accepted at a local arts school with the help of an *On Our Backs* recommendation — erotic prestige pays off! **Shari Cohen is** a prolific contributor to *On Our Backs*, and goes on more lesbian getaways than anyone we know. **Rusty Kavendick** is a desert lover, musician, witch, writer, and printer. **Joseph Vasta** is an art collector and dealer whose excellent erotica collection was a major part of the recent feminist anthology on pornography entitled *Caught Looking*. **Cinda Roth**, photographer, lives in Denver, Colorado: "It is the relationship(s) of light, form, and texture that excite me to make a photograph." **Myra Fourwinds**, photographer, added: "My focus, in both photography and video, related to Grahn's "island" and Corrine's "void," is to lesbianize America in the minds of the world.

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Only if you're gorgeous, ultra fem, Lesbian, submissive, masochistic, sober, single, deep, and located conveniently in Western New England can you qualify for the bed of the best-situated, most handsome, mannish, toppest sadistic dominant dyke. Anything other than six-inch stilettos (mine steel, sharp, and pointed at you; yours fashionably on your feet), love, intense S/M sex, and an ownership relationship...anything less is too far beneath me to bother with. No correspondence fantasies or telephone teases: be real or beware. Do something seductively servile if you dare provoke my masterful attention. Box 331.

STAY AFTER CLASS

Attractive, slim, poor New York teacher, late 30s, very together, straight looking, strict disciplinarian, seeks very wealthy bottom to adore me and shower me with gifts and love. This top wants a monogamous permanent relationship with you, if you obey and have class. Box 333.

SOUTHERN GIRL

24, 5'7", 129 lbs, attractive, dark-haired lesbian into the outdoors, travel and hot romance seeks intelligent, androgynous lesbian with athletic body, strong yet tender, with much passion to share with the right woman. Sound like you? Write me. No bisexuals, drugs, or heavy alcohol, please. Box 334.

WANT TO RELOCATE?

Cute, sexy, 26, 5', 115 lbs looking for wife. I enjoy hot wet sex. I want a very playful woman who would like to move to Chicago. (Not into pain.) Please send photo. Box 335.

TWO HOT LESBIANS WANT

a playmate. We are looking for safe, clean, discreet lesbians (only) who enjoy going to: comedy clubs, dinner, and having WILD FUN. One is into topping (a lot). The other is into bottoming (occasionally). We are a fun-loving married couple (a little chubby) seeking a hot sexual lesbian! Letter, phone, photo (nude preferred). Box 336.

S.F. BUTCH TOP

wanted by red-haired, blue-eyed, novice femme bottom. I like fists (yours or mine), bondage, and experimenting. Am over 30, Leo-Scorpio, politically active, academic—not good at casual sex OR monogamy, but will get hot and wet for a passionate top in muscles and leather. You're over 5/7", about 170 lbs, butch enough to pass and have a reasonable feminist and class consciousness. No closets, addicts, or ex-hets; just tough/sensitive types who like to fuck. Box 337.

DREAM DYKE WANTED

Nature lover, androgynous, athletic Butch 5'4", minimum weight 130. Non-smoker, must like country life and cats. Have city style and sense of humor. I am 48, 110 lbs, 5'3", with brown hair/eyes. Not into pain or commitments. Living in Mendocino. Ready for fun and friends. Box 338.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:
   - your return address at the top left corner,
   - her box number in the lower left corner, and
   - a first class stamp at the top right corner.

   If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)
2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

   On Our Backs Personals
   526 Castro
   San Francisco, CA 94114

   When we receive your reply, we will take it out of this envelope, and address and mail it to its recipient. By following each of these steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest reply.

REDHEAD SEEKS PENPAL

Sweet, cute redhead (everywhere!) seeking penpal for frank exchanges of thoughts, feelings, fantasies, and photos. (One of my hobbies is nude photography.) Not experienced, but ready and sincere. Please include photo. Box 339.

STOCKING FEET S/M

Single bi curious female. Would like to correspond with all especially androgynes. Send photos, videos; will swap. Males can be rendered impotent with birth control pills, genital stocking bondage, and masturbated by our silky feet. Interested? "I know one." Ms. Helen, Drawer G, Coram, NY 11727.

JUST SPANKING

I'm a full-figured femme with a strong inner child seeking the hand/hairbrush/paddle of a firm maternal-type femme on my bare bottom. Bay Area. Clean, sober, healthy, non-smoker. I'm inexper but worth it. Detailed writer. Will reply. Let's get together, at least, and try it! Box 342.

INTRODUCING MY AD...

Woman 23 and horny seeks woman to fill my sexual and emotional needs. Must be intelligent, into sports, and cute. Must not be into drugs, drinking, or cancer sticks. So what do you think? Not too many demands. All responses answered. San Francisco Area only. Box 341.

SEEKING VERY...

attractive, feminine, intelligent, non-smoking GSF/GWF for relationship. I'm a very cute 5'4" 24-year-old European who is brown in complexion: born with a Latino father and black mother. Adore sex, tennis, film, and music. Sincere replies please, photo would be nice. Box 345.

SEXY LONG BEACH SCORPIO

26 years old, long black hair, dark brown eyes, 109 lbs, 4'11", well dressed, pretty. Into: toys, fist fucking, spanking, wearing lace, kissing, holding hands, hot passionate lovemaking, and being me. Looking for a relationship with the Right One; must be understanding, caring, aggressive yet playful and sensitive. NO heavy drinkers, drugs, narrow minds, mind games, putdowns. Come on, I'm waiting. Reply with letter & photo. Butch or fem. Box 346.

SERVITUDE IN LUXURY

Attractive, young, shapely, and white hot top Mistress seeks bi-submissive young bottom for wickedly hot, intense sexual relationship. Leather, B&D, and S&M invoked as necessary to ensure devotion. Worthy slave will participate in very high standard of living, with all needs provided—possible live-in to worthy suitable. Discipline requirements may also include enforced menage-a-trois participation with my panty-trained submissive husband. All sincere answered who respond with detailed frank letter, photo, and SASE. Write today; a lifestyle of luxury and pleasure awaits my suitable pussycat! Box 348.

SEDUCTIVE BEAUTIFUL BI

Extremely sexual, gorgeous, blue-eyed, blonde bi with a hot body and a useful boyfriend craves erotic pleasures with other women. Can be a strict but playful mistress, or a passionate sexual submissive. San Francisco. Box 349.

FRENCH BITCH AVAILABLE

Cute, hot and wet, well-educated but a slut, very submissive. Living six months a year in USA. One of my fantasies is to be enslaved by a gang of girls, kept prisoner for a week in a house, wearing nothing, forced to whore with everybody and do domestic chores. Another is to serve a hard-to-please black woman, as a soubrette and private bitch. She will get what she wants, without complaint. I'll send my private photos if you send yours. Box 359.

YOUNG FIRST TIME LESBIAN

Young married lesbian seeking bi or gay girls! Teach me hot sexual lesbian love. Live-in lover, young, slender, attractive!. I'm 5'2", 110 lbs., 23 yrs old. Nude photo please. Box 360.

LET'S TALK DIRTY

Fun-loving Jewish lesbian feminist with the perfect blend of active awareness and kinky desires looking for the ultimate shabbat on Friday night. Fulfill my fantasy. Send sexy letter; we'll see where it takes us. Box 350.

MISBEHAVING IN DETROIT

Femme GWF, 25, needs good spanking. Submissive into teasing, anal, lusty language, B/D, S/M. Especially servile on my knees with my ass sore and your cunt in my face. If you have a firm hand and stern demeanor, I'm your lady. Box 351.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY

Dominant lesbian ex-model is leaving the U.S. I would like to find a dominant, painfully erotic woman to make use of my well trained versatile M submissive. An interest and belief in F. supremacy is helpful. Couples OK. Send a detailed imaginative letter. Box 352.

TRAVELER LOOKING FOR FUN

Live near Bay Area/Sacramento. Travel regularly throughout states; mostly Hawaii (Oahu). Looking for friends/playmates at home or on travels. Good-looking. Likes: sun, beach, music, camping, dancing. Hopeless romantic. Age no issue. Looking for same. Send letter and picture for same, and quick reply. Box 353.

WANT/NEED SOMEONE

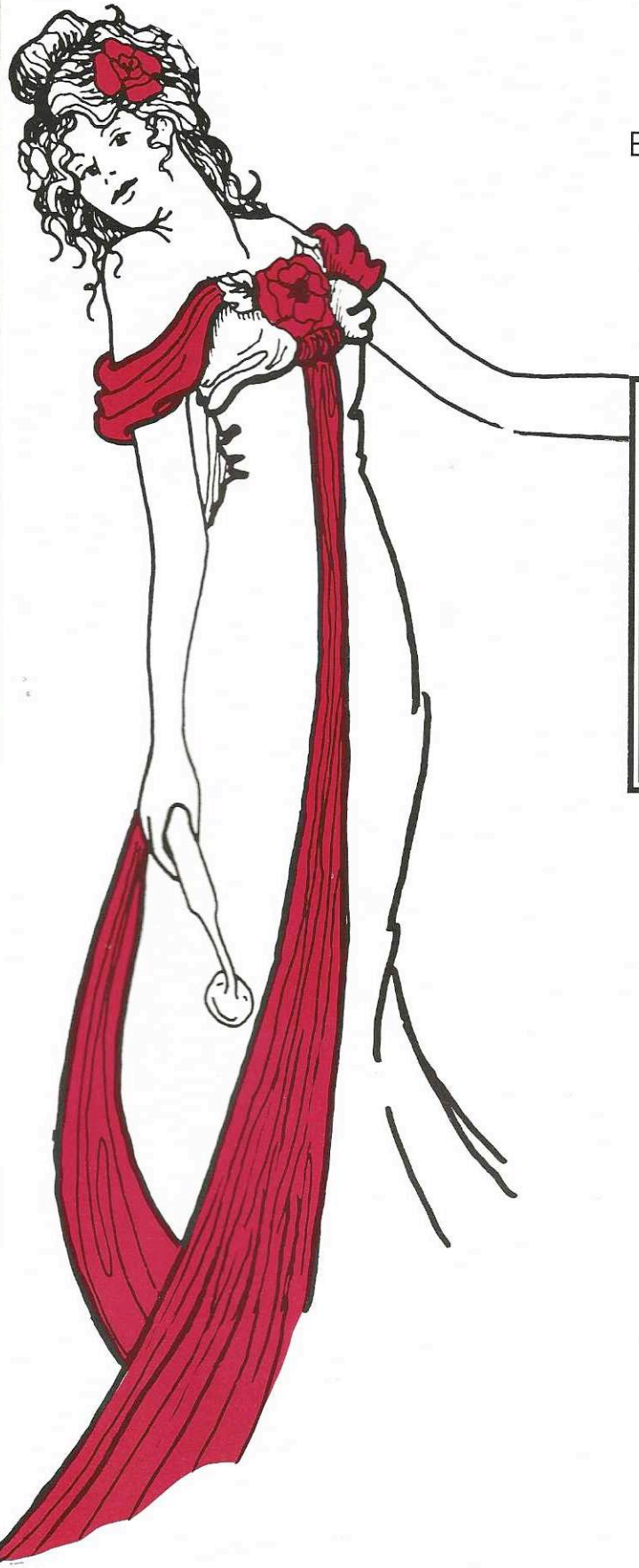
Married 30s "closet lez" can't take it anymore. Will leave as soon as I find someone to be with. Singles/couples/even "families." Let me share myself with you. Relatively inexperienced but willing to learn, am submissive. Any age. Write soon. Box 354.

GENTLE WOMAN NEEDED

WF, 30, 5'6", brown hair, green eyes, 185 lbs. Would like to correspond with motorcycle or long distance truck driver dyke. Prefer someone mid-40s and up. Taller, but not necessarily salt and pepper hair. Someone who can travel. Prefer no S/M, drugs, drinking, smoking. Will welcome any who wish to write. Discretion. Picture. Box 355.

SENSUAL SLAVE IN HOUSTON

White, 37, shaver, seeks dominant female who is loving and sensual. I truly love submitting and being possessed. Forced French, toys, anal and foot worship. Need a bath slave? Like lots of kissing, touching, orgasms? Like fetishes, role-playing, being in control? Let me please you. I travel! Box 356.



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